

The Elks

Magazine

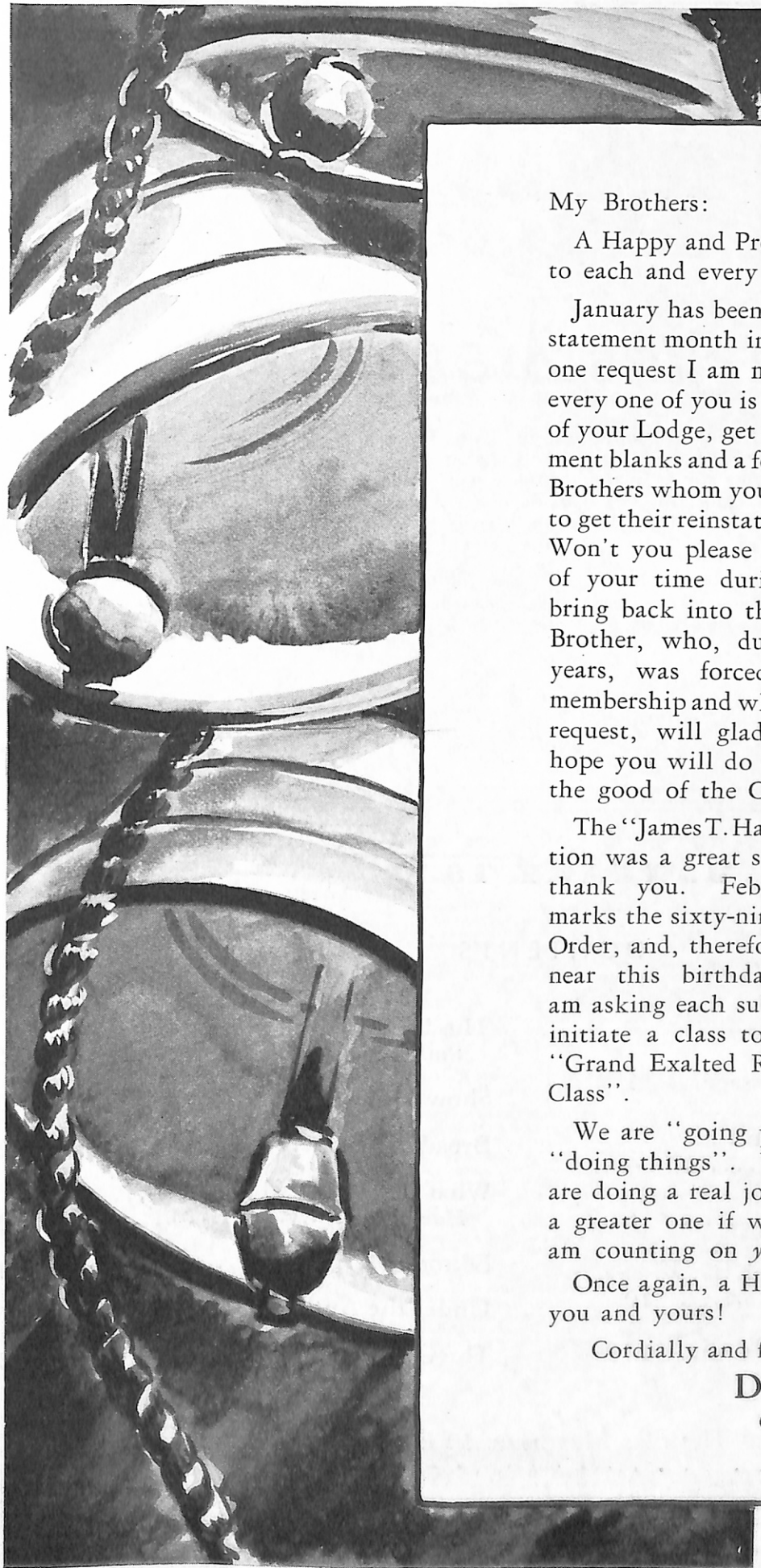


JANUARY, 1937

EASTERN EDITION



*they're Milder
and they Satisfy*



My Brothers:

A Happy and Prosperous New Year to each and every one of you!

January has been designated as reinstatement month in our Order and the one request I am making of each and every one of you is to see the Secretary of your Lodge, get from him reinstatement blanks and a few names of former Brothers whom you can see in an effort to get their reinstatement applications. Won't you please take just one hour of your time during this month to bring back into the folds some good Brother, who, during the past few years, was forced to give up his membership and who now, with just a request, will gladly come back? I hope you will do this for me and for the good of the Order.

The "James T. Hallinan Class" initiation was a great success, for which I thank you. February 16th, 1937, marks the sixty-ninth birthday of our Order, and, therefore, in February, as near this birthdate as possible, I am asking each subordinate Lodge to initiate a class to be known as the "Grand Exalted Ruler's Anniversary Class".

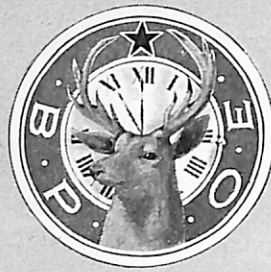
We are "going places" and we are "doing things". You and I together are doing a real job—we can do even a greater one if we will just try. I am counting on *your* help.

Once again, a Happy New Year for you and yours!

Cordially and fraternally yours,

David Sholtz

Grand Exalted Ruler



The Elks Magazine

NATIONAL PUBLICATION OF THE BENEVOLENT
AND PROTECTIVE ORDER OF ELKS OF THE UNITED
STATES OF AMERICA. PUBLISHED UNDER THE
DIRECTION OF THE GRAND LODGE BY THE NA-
TIONAL MEMORIAL AND PUBLICATION COMMISSION

To inculcate the principles of Charity, Justice,
Brotherly Love and Fidelity; to promote the welfare
and enhance the happiness of its members; to quicken

the spirit of American patriotism; to cultivate
good fellowship. . . —From Preamble to the Con-
stitution, Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks

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Comptroller

JANUARY 1937

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HOW TO WIN FRIENDS AND INFLUENCE PEOPLE

By DALE CARNEGIE

JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER, SR. once said: "The ability to deal with people is as purchasable a commodity as sugar or coffee. And I will pay more for that ability than for any other under the sun."

Wouldn't you suppose every college would conduct practical courses to develop this "highest-priced ability under the sun?" To our knowledge, none has.

How to develop that ability is the subject of Dale Carnegie's new book.

A few years ago Chicago University and the United Y. M. C. A. Schools made a survey to find out the prime interest of adults. The survey took two years, cost \$25,000. It indicated that their first interest is health—and their second, how to understand and get along with people; how to make people like you; how to win others to your way of thinking.

Wouldn't you suppose that after the members of this survey committee had decided to give such a course, they could readily have found a practical textbook? They searched diligently—yet could find none suitable.

But the book they were looking for has NOW been written.

A New Book—the Man Behind It

It is called *How to Win Friends and Influence People*—and is written by the one man perhaps better qualified to write it than anyone else.

Dale Carnegie is the man to whom the big men of business come for practical guidance on getting along with people successfully. During the last 24 years he has trained more than 15,000 business and professional men and women—among them some of the most famous in the country.

When he conducts his course on *How to Influence People* and on Public Speaking in the ballroom of the Hotel Commodore or The Pennsylvania, or the Hotel Astor (second largest hall in New York), it is packed to capacity. Large organizations—such as The New York Telephone Co., Westinghouse Electric and Mfg. Co., and many others listed elsewhere on this page—have had this training conducted by Mr. Carnegie for their executives.

This new book grew out of that vast laboratory of experience. As the panel at the top of this page shows it is as practical as 24 years' success with the problems of thousands in all walks of life can make it.

The Case of Pat O'Haire

Patrick J. O'Haire lives in New York City and that's his right name. He first got a job as a mechanic.



LOWELL THOMAS
says about Dale Carnegie

"Certainly some of my success has been due to training under Dale Carnegie. I have known him for 20 years. This man, by inspiring adults to blast out and smelt some of their hidden ores, has created one of the most significant movements in adult education. He is indeed a wizard in his special field."

THIS IS A BIG BOOK OF THIRTY-SEVEN CHAPTERS, INCLUDING:

The Big Secret of Dealing with People
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A Simple Way to Make a Good First Impression
How to Interest People
Twelve Ways to Win People to Your Way of Thinking
A Sure Way of Making Enemies—and How to Avoid It
The Safety Valve in Handling Complaints
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A Formula that Will Work Wonders for You
The Movies Do It. Radio Does It. Why Don't You Do It
Nine Ways to Change People Without Giving Offense or Arousing Resentment
How to Criticize—and Not be Hated for It
How to Spur Men on to Success
Making People Glad to Do What You Want
Letters That Produced Miraculous Results
Seven Rules for Making Your Home Life Happier

chanic. When he married he needed more money. He tried to sell automobile trucks—but was a terrible flop.

An inferiority complex was eating his heart out. On his way to see any prospect, he broke out into a cold sweat. Before he could get up courage to open an office door, he had to walk past it a dozen times.

When he finally got in, he would invariably find himself antagonizing, arguing. Then he would get kicked out—never knowing quite why.

He was such a failure he decided to go back to work in a machine shop. Then one day he received a letter inviting him to attend the opening session of a Dale Carnegie course.

"It may do you some good, Pat. God knows you need it"

He didn't want to go—afraid of being out of place. His despairing wife made him, saying, "It may do you some good, Pat. God knows you need it."

He went to the meeting. Then he attended every other meeting of the course. He lost his fear, learned how to talk convincingly, how to make people like him at once, how to win friends and influence others.

Today Pat O'Haire is one of the White Motor Company's star salesmen. His income has skyrocketed. Last year at the Hotel Astor Pat stood before 2,500 people and told a rollicking story of his achievements. Few professional speakers could have equalled his confidence—or his reception.

Pat O'Haire's problem was exactly the same as that of thousands in other fields—the fundamental one of getting along with people. He is just one example of what Dale Carnegie's help has meant to more than 15,000 others in all types of endeavor. What Dale Carnegie has done for them he can do for you. Look at the chapter headings. They indicate the amount of hard-hitting, priceless information his book contains. But the



DALE CARNEGIE

Dale Carnegie is the man the men of business come to for practical instruction in getting along with people. During the last 24 years, he has trained more than 15,000 business and professional men—more than any other living man.

Large organizations such as:

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have had this training conducted in their own offices for their executives.

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Memorial Address of the Grand Exalted Ruler



The Address delivered by the Grand Exalted Ruler on the occasion of the Memorial Day Exercises at New Orleans Lodge No. 30, December 6, 1936.

Past Grand Exalted Ruler, Brother Rightor, Exalted Ruler, Distinguished Guests, Ladies and my Brothers:

This day has, for three-quarters of a century, been set apart by the Order of Elks and consecrated to the memory of the departed members of the Order. Almost at this very hour in the fifteen hundred Elk Lodges of these United States, fifteen hundred other members of our Order are rising to speak on the same subject I am and their predecessors have so annually arisen for now these many years.

For it is an ancient custom, really set by the great Divine Creator Himself at the very time of the completion of creation, at fixed periods to devote a day to the pious contemplation of the things of the past and to the raising higher of our hopes and our aspirations for the future, and the Order of Elks, founded on principles derived from the same high source takes thence its precedent to annually assemble in a Lodge of Sorrow.

To those of our brethren whose voices answer not the calling of the roll, we dedicate these simple services. But standing as we do now, in the presence of our dead, we needs must feel that this occasion lacks its full fruition did we not thus humbly here, in such presence rededicate ourselves and our Order to the highest purposes and to the best principles.

We, by these services, pay not to our Order, nor to any of its members, any undeserved tribute. We meet today and mourn for men, just plain men, who lived and labored and loved and sinned and suffered as we do ourselves.

We would weave around their memories no false amaranth of artificial fame, but in spirit we will simply place upon their resting places coronals of lasting remembrance.

I have been asked by New Orleans Lodge of Elks here in the presence of their friends and families to speak in particular honor of those members of New Orleans Lodge who have died in the last year. This, with a single exception, I will not do.

Whatever I may say of these dead brethren, all who are present and mourn a loved one will place their loss first and I do believe that their silent and sincere sorrow is a more welcome memorial to the dead than any set phrases that I may fashion.

All of them have lived and have died true and loyal Elks and I will not take that phrase that mirrors the best qualities that any man can possess, and break it into the fine fragments of analysis and give to each piece a microscopic praise. Knowing that they were of our Order, that they practiced its principles and aided in its work, we have filled for all times their full need of praise. This, at least of them we do know. We know they came and joined and worked with us in a unity of principle and of purpose whose aim is the betterment of man, whose great means is mercy and whose guiding chart is charity. Knowing these things of our dead, we are confident of their worth.

All times, all creeds, all climes and all countries have their ideals and so it is with the Order of Elks. That Order is particularly fortunate. With most, the ideal exists in a myth or in an aspiration. Ours existed in the flesh, for we have had among the brethren of our Order, one who gathered up and personified in himself all the qualities of which our founder dreamed.

Although I am here for annual Memorial Services, the inspiration of my presence is my fondness for, my memory of, and my admiration of the man who, for many years,

was your leader, Colonel John P. Sullivan, a Past Grand Exalted Ruler of the Order, who has now gone to the Great Beyond.

He was a most gallant gentleman and when he left us, this world was poorer by his passing and I am here to join with you, with an humble and a contrite heart, in a small and simple way, in dedicating to his memory a memorial significant of what he was to the Order of Elks and to the people of New Orleans.

In the early boyhood of Colonel Sullivan there was inculcated a love of God, of country and of his fellow-man. His name is still a tradition at the Jesuit College where he spent his earliest years. At Tulane University he is even now there remembered as an athlete for his skill and strength in physical contest. At West Point, love of country and of flag made him, on the verge of his manhood, enlist in the Spanish War and rise to be Colonel of his regiment.

As a lawyer he practiced his profession with honor, eloquence and success until the day he died.

As Past Grand Exalted Ruler Rightor expressed it so beautifully at Los Angeles, "His life was one of intense activity. Of magnificent stature, handsome as a Greek god, with a voice that indeed rivaled the deep sweet notes of a church organ, endowed with a healthy body and sound mind, he was a restless dynamo that spun in the practice of law, in politics, in real estate, in fraternal organizations and in broad gauge philanthropy.

"God gave him everything and all that was given him by God he spent with a lavish hand in the help and sympathetic understanding of his fellow-man."

John Sullivan was a fighter. He fought for principle, beloved by his friends and proud of the enemies that he made. He never ran from battle and no opponent in the long career of constant contest ever saw his back.

Twenty-five years ago, in the year 1911, at Atlantic City, New Jersey, he was elected Grand Exalted Ruler of the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks and gave to that great Order to which we so proudly belong, a brilliant leadership. During his long active career in the Order of Elks he was the idol and champion of the rank and file of the membership. He brought harmony and peace and an era of good feeling into the Order. As one of his close friends, Ned Rightor, so recently said:

"You can build a hundred churches and a thousand libraries and find no favor in the sight of God. The real virtue is of the inner man. It lies in the heart and comes not from the pocket. No man of his generation did more in the cause of charity than John Sullivan, and his charity found its source in his great and golden heart."

Here in New Orleans, in Louisiana, John P. Sullivan made his mark. It is to be found in the hospitals, in the asylums, in the churches, in the civic buildings and in those things that make for better and finer citizenship.

John Sullivan died at the very hour he would have chosen for his death—just as the chimes across the way from his deathbed tolled eleven o'clock.

There is something of John Sullivan that will never sleep, although his mortal body sleeps with his fathers,—that spirit that inspired his life and that will inspire ours, that spirit of friendship and brotherly love, that spirit of greater charity and real justice.

I lay this tribute upon the sleeping traces of your friend and mine.

John Sullivan was, as you and I still are, a member of America's greatest fraternal organization with a long tradition and heritage, organized during the first hundred years of the existence of our (Continued on page 50)

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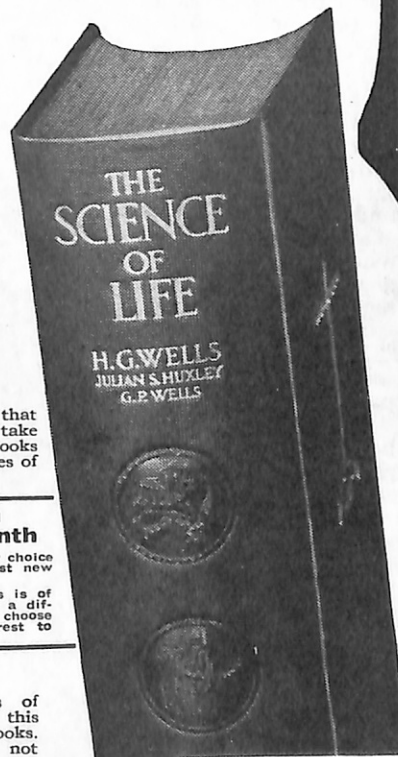
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Abalone Fields

By M. O'Moran

SIXTY miles south of Point Sur the sea floor sheers down to a depth that according to Pacific Coast fishermen has never been fathomed. It was here that the silver stream of the Macon was engulfed, and it is from here that from time to time there ascend into the shallower water things from the deep too strange to be thought of.

Boats returning from the fishing grounds around Point Sur are carefully watched by the scientists of the San Francisco Aquarium to see if by any chance some rare fish has been included in the catch, and when Arnold Weiss, holding an obscure position with the Bureau of Fisheries, heard rumors of a wolf-fish (*trachypterus*) seen for a moment in the high surf off Point Sur he made frantic haste to get in touch with Gar Langard, the deep sea diver. For the capture of such a rare specimen would mean advancement in both position and salary.

He found Gar down at the Knotty Palm quenching an ancient Norse thirst. The diver, a bronzed throwback to the Vikings, listened silently and without enthusiasm to the description of the fish. But when Weiss intimated that he would pay well for possession of it, Gar squared his shoulders and looked up.

"What would you pay?" he asked.

"I might pay—" Weiss studied Gar narrowly. "I might pay as high as one hundred dollars."

"Keep it," said Gar shortly. He emptied his glass, and reached for his cap. "I'm a diver, not a fisherman."

"Wait," cried Weiss, extending a restraining hand. "I would go even higher. But the fish must be landed. You understand that. No fish, no pay. I might go as high as one hundred and fifty."

"Not enough, Mr. Weiss. Five hundred for the job. Take it or leave it." Gar knew of the avid desire most scientists show to attach their own names to unusual specimens, and again rose to go.

Weiss gulped, and nodded his head again. "Five hundred dollars," he repeated faintly. "It's—it's a racket. Five hundred dollars! Wait, I'll pay it. When it's landed, you know."

Gar made no reply, and Weiss hurried on: "Yes, if it's landed intact there's five hundred dollars for you in my pocket."

"Okay," said Gar. "If there is such a fish, and if he's still there I'll go after him. That's down on the abalone fields, and if I get nothing else I can fill up with abalones."

He watched Weiss go up to the bar and pay for the drinks. He did not like the way Weiss leaned his weight on one foot, nor his lighting a match with his



thumb nail. He did not like his sleek hair, nor his obtrusive white teeth. In fact, the only thing he did like about him was the mention of the five hundred dollars, and that was too much of a gamble to like it very much. Nevertheless he prepared to leave for Point Sur the following morning.

During the night he collected his crew. It took some stiff drinks and some high promises to secure them, and at that he found only two who would accompany him—Snort, a stocky redhead, and a young ex-soldier called Pete. For times had been slack, and he owed them all for previous abalone trips. Snort, the finest tender on the Coast, second to Ivan, held out the longest, and then agreed to go only on the promise of a third

share of whatever might be realized. With prices of abalone almost at the level of the overhead this was a fair enough arrangement, and Gar took him eagerly on these terms. Pete didn't like the idea of going at all, but he still remembered how Gar had paid three hundred dollars for his hospital bill the time he had fractured his skull in an automobile accident, and grudgingly acknowledged the debt by taking the job.

Snort and Pete drove the distance to Point Sur in Snort's old Ford, and Gar brought the boat down by himself. He headed out toward Point Sur just as the sun was rising. It was a still blue morning. A half-mile ahead of him several whales were spouting their way out to sea. They apparently were going down the coast too. Their presence indicated an undue quantity of octopods in the vicinity. A taste for octopods is shared in common by both the Japanese and the whales. The Japanese, aside from the meaty legs, like to suck on the claws, and the whales swallow them whole, as well as wholesale, whenever they leave the sheltering crevices of the rocks. But for all their many enemies the octopods on the Pacific Coast show no signs of de-

creasing. Due to the fact that a single individual produces over fifty thousand eggs, there is never a scarcity of young ones to replace those turned into fritto-misto by the Italians, or all-day suckers by the Japanese, or good whale oil by the mammoths of the sea. And Gar, while he had no desire to encounter the powerful and intelligent octopods, was nevertheless pleased at these signs of their presence, as it was an assurance of plenty of abalone, and in the uncertainty of Weiss' weird fish his whole chance of profit depended on the speed with which he could fill his abalone baskets. For all species of life in the sea are inter-dependent. The fisherman fortunate in locating a density of sardines or mackerel at the same time faces having his nets torn by a thrasher shark, a swordfish, or some other formidable prowler of the seas. Man is the only creature who, while he takes from the sea, contributes nothing toward it, and furthermore threatens by the enormous fishing industries of the world to disturb irrevocably this balance of life in the sea. At least until that time that he returns his own dead for burial under its waters—a quid pro quo for the food he takes from it.

As he worked down the coast the Santa Lucia range became steeper until its bare, windswept sides rose up abruptly from the shoreline mile after mile without a break. The ocean stretched away from it smooth as blue satin to where it touched the fainter blue of the sky, and at the end of two hours the round rock of Point Sur loomed up ahead. To its outermost edge clung the Point Sur lighthouse.

Gar kept well outside the surf, and as he rounded the Point he came into the quiet waters in the lee of the rock, and tied up at a small landing. His two helpers, Snort and Pete, were sitting there waiting for him. They both got into the boat.

"Where?" asked Pete.

"About a hundred yards out ought to be right," said Gar.

Pete brought the boat over the selected spot. The water was beautifully clear, the indication of rocky bottom. The two men helped Gar into his suit. This dressing required the utmost precision. Due to a close in current from the north, the water off the California coast is very cold. Before his diving suit, made of rubber-lined canvas, was put on him, Gar pulled on two suits of soft woolen underclothes, garments that are specially prepared for divers. Then all the

"I've got a hunch you're goin' to be lucky today," said Snort. "Bring up an abalone with a pearl in it."



weighted gear that a diver must take on to overcome buoyancy was carefully adjusted on Gar by his helpers.

"I got a hunch you're goin' to be lucky today," said Snort. "Bring up an abalone with a pearl in it. The other day I heard about a fellow who got one with a pearl that fetched a thousand dollars."

"If I fill the baskets so as it will pay us wages, that'll be lucky enough," declared Gar.

A tap on the helmet told Gar that it had been locked into place, and he stepped off the ladder into the water. As he dropped slowly down the weight of his gear was taken off him by the pressure of air coming into his suit. Against the glass of his helmet he could see only a blur of blueness, for the pupil of the eye expands slowly in the comparative density under water, and it is several minutes before the expansion is sufficient to absorb the changed quality of the light. The rocky bottom and the bright sky were both conducive to clearness, and at ninety feet there was a visibility suitable for the work in hand. He needed a fair light to detect the abalone. The shells of all those of commercial size are covered with barnacles. Not only barnacles, but purple and lavender sea anemones and small plants all contrive to conceal the shell beneath. The surrounding rocks being covered with exactly similar growths, to distinguish abalone in the dull blue light of underseas is particularly difficult. The largest are found in the thick of the kelp forests. Gar was on the edge of a large grove of *macrocystis*, the giant brown algae which covers thousands of acres of sea bottom off the California coast. The abalones were fairly plentiful here, and of good size. Although every movement was slowed up by the pressure of the water as he thrust his pry bar under the edge of the shell, he began to fill his baskets. Because he was so slow he would sometimes miss the opening between the shell and the rock, and then the abalone would clamp down firmly. Gar did not linger for dispute. He passed on. He knew it would be useless to pit his strength against that of the eight-inch abalone. For it has a gripping power that varies from 300 to 500 pounds, and this grip it will maintain for several hours.

His ears ached from the pressure, his hands began to feel the cold, and to avoid the spines of the sea urchin and the stinging tentacles of the anemones became increasingly difficult. The silver mist of a shoal of young albacore drifted by. The anemones waved their barbed beauty that once touched causes stupor or death, but the shoal passed on. A hungry-eyed rock-cod darted up at them, and then both cod and albacore were lost in the sudden flight into the blue wall of water.

Gar had sent his filled baskets up several times, and was about to signal for his own ascent when two large eyes took shape in the density above him. He had never seen such eyes before. They were great discs, fixed and immovable. The dark bulk of a head became discernible. At first, due to the flattening effect of the water, he thought it resembled a hammer-head shark, but the hammer-head has golden-yellow eyes provided with eyelids. These eyes were lidless. It was not a swordfish, for it had no sword. Otherwise it was where a swordfish was likely to feed—on shoals of mackerel.

Illustrated by
George Howe



The fish changed its direction, and instead of coming directly toward him began to drift past him. He was now able to see it more clearly, and his heart started pounding with excitement for he saw that it answered the description that Weiss had given of the fish he would pay \$500 for. He judged its length to be close to six feet. He marked the pointed head, the long, wolf-like teeth set in huge, strong jaws. Above and back of the eye was a large black splotch, throwing into relief the burnished silver of its naked skin, and the scarlet sweep of its fins.

There was only one thing to do now. To get up and out, and phone in from the lighthouse for the big steel octopus trap at Pablo Seranto's. But his ascent could be no swift rush upward, for however desperate his haste he must ascend from his present depth of ninety feet in a series of slow rises, with frequent pause for decompression. Fish that burst when brought to the surface have been pulled up too quickly. And divers when brought to the surface without decompression suffer untold tortures, and if they survive at all are incapacitated for life.

Snort and Pete had warm blankets ready to wrap him in after they had removed his diving gear. They gave



"It's Weiss for Weiss, Pablo for Pablo and Snort for Snort!"

him a shot of whiskey and a vigorous rubdown with alcohol, and then went up to the lightkeeper's house and phoned both to Pablo Seranto and to Weiss.

Pablo Seranto sent the octopus trap down by truck early in the afternoon. Arnold Weiss' car at the time was crawling over the road that crossed the sand pit to the Point, and seeing it Gar waited for him. Weiss pulled up behind the truck. He appeared to be excited at the preparations he observed.

"Is he going?" asked Snort.

"Yes," said Gar. "Yes, he's going. He's all right."

Pete took the boat out again, and Snort baited the big trap with fresh abalone. This is a delicacy appreciated underseas, as well as in the Monterey restaurants, and there are few fish that can resist the allure of these molluscs. With a winch and tackle the trap was let down, and the boys proceeded to dress Gar again in his heavy diving car.

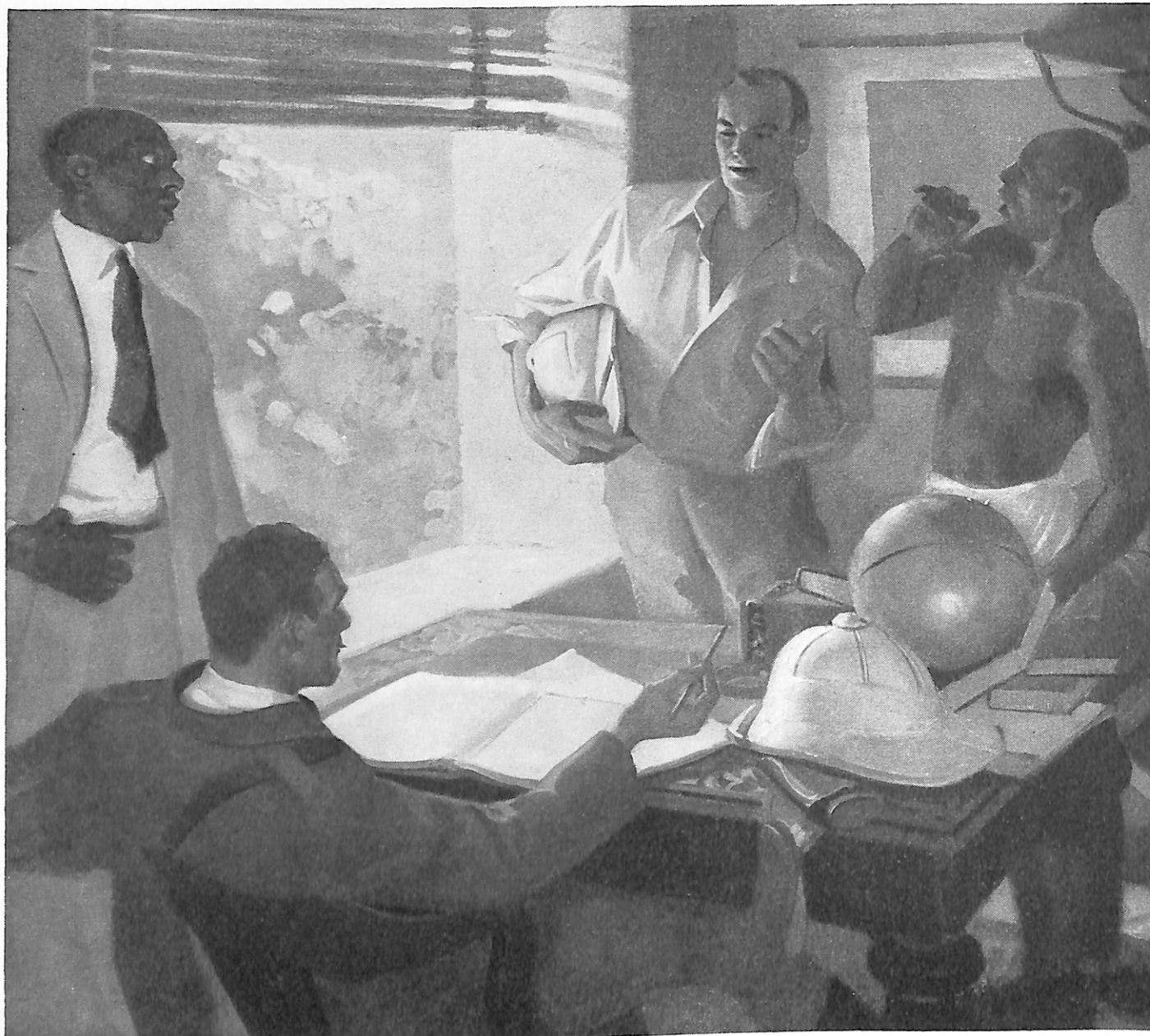
It was now three o'clock in the afternoon and the light under water was not so clear as it had been in the morning. It was still blue, but it had become denser. Gar kept his hand on the tarred cable of the trap, and so dropped slowly down beside it. It lay at sixty feet on a ledge considerably higher than the

morning's location. There was no sight of the fish. He depended on the aroma of the fresh abalone meat in the trap to attract it if it were still cruising about in the vicinity. A few mackerel found their way in and began to nibble at the bait. Sardines and other small fish gathered in increasing numbers around the trap. They threatened to stream in and fill it, as well as devour the bait. While Gar was considering this problem they all disappeared even more suddenly than they had come. He guessed at the cause of their alarm, and as he strained his eyes into the deep blue around him the outlines of the big fish from the abyss darkened into shape. He flattened his back against a rock, unscrewed the great diver's knife from his belt, and holding it in his hand, waited tensely.

Every other form of life had vanished. The anemones had folded, the crabs had scuttled under cover, the jellies that hung with beautifully colored tendrils streaming out in the water were gone. Behind the fronds of kelp, deep in the crevices of the black rocks, life aware and palpitant, lay withdrawn and waiting. The fish came closer. Its blurred outlines would darken and then fade completely out again as it receded into the opaque wall of water. Sometimes it was on his left, sometimes on his right, and as he strained to watch it he realized its circles were nearing the trap. The head took shape, the big teeth came into view, and then the scaleless body, bluish violet shading into bright iridescent silver against its red fins. It veered toward the trap, and eased off again. Several times it did this. Then its orbit brought it directly opposite Gar. Now it saw him. It paused and stared at him. When it moved again it kept its head in a line with Gar. He stood as motionless as the rock he leaned against, in his diver's suit possibly as equally strange to the fish as it was to him.

But it showed no inclination to enter the trap. With the instinct of herding it in, Gar, his fingers stiffened with cold on the big knife, made a step forward. Then so swiftly that he could make no defense at all the fish swirled in an attack on him, and seized his unguarded back in its teeth. It was fortunate for Gar that he was swathed in so many suits—his ordinary clothing, two pairs of diver's woolens, and the rubber-lined canvas suit. For he was lifted off the ground, and, as he described it later, there was an earthquake underseas. The fish had him by the seat of the pants, and was shaking him like a butterfly. With this hurricane of strength above him several things then happened at the same time. His suit gave way, the boys were pulling him up, and through the gap in his pants he felt the icy wetness of the water. He expected another lunge from the fish, but it did not come. Apparently the mouthful of rubber-lined canvas and woolen underwear was not relished, and there was no desire for more.

He came up without decompression. His dive had been in but sixty feet of water, so this was not so serious. Ordinarily the boys would have let him down again for another and slower ascent, but when they saw his wrecked suit and his gleaming knife still clamped in his hand they (Continued on page 34)



"As I told you, I have been trying for weeks to teach that numbskull—"

"THE Court feels that it must assume a definite stand in this matter, Mr. Covallos. The night shooting of game with lights from a car or otherwise must stop. It isn't sporting, you know. If everyone did it the game would be wiped out in a year."

The District Commissioner looked up from the papers on his table and stared around the bare, whitewashed little room. Two other whitemen, a civilian and a man in the uniform of the Northern Rhodesia police, sat in rickety chairs near the further wall. A native messenger, with the red fez of his office on his head, stood near the door. A native interpreter was standing near the table. He was dressed in European clothes which included a rather stringy collar and tightly knotted tie. The whiteness about his neck accentuated the uncommon thinness of his face and threw the darkness of his skin into unusual prominence.

Both the civilian and the policeman had their eyes fixed on Mathew. He was not the official interpreter. The latter was ill and Mathew had been borrowed from the nearby Mission to serve in the emergency. In the minds of both the whites there was the same thought and question. They were wondering how Mathew would be affected by the knowledge that his interpreting and his testimony had resulted in the conviction and pun-

The White Faces of Infalusi

By Wynant Davis Hubbard

Illustrated by Michael Dolas



ishment of a white man.

The Commissioner shuffled his papers and glanced again at the notes which he had made. Then, looking at Covалlos, he spoke again.

"It has been testified by creditable witnesses that you shot two reedbuck and a kudu cow on the night of September fourteenth. It is against the law to shoot at night. It is against the law to shoot kudu cows. The Court therefore fines you ten pounds and costs of the case. A total of thirteen pounds, five shillings."

A hard grin spread over the face of the civilian. But as he watched Covалlos produce and count the money for his fine the grin vanished and a hard calculating look passed across his face. Then the Commissioner spoke again.

"Mr. Hart. We still have time this morning. I will hear your case now." He turned to Mathew. "Are the witnesses in this case against Mr. Hart here, Mathew?"

Mathew spoke rapidly to the messenger in native. He went out to return within a minute, pushing before him a dirty, typical compound native dressed chiefly in a loin cloth and a pair of broken, nearly soleless shoes.

Michael Hart rose slowly from his chair and walked before the table. The Commissioner administered the oath to Hart and the dirty native before him.

For a moment the Commissioner stared at him. Hart was no longer a young man. His thin hair was grizzled from the years which he had spent trying to wring a living from the hot soil of Rhodesia. His lined face had been tanned by the hot winds and sun to a leathery mahogany color. Now deep in the lightish blue eyes which reflected his stare the Commissioner could see distrust and revolt smoldering and struggling. The Commissioner was a young man, one of the newer crop of civil servants. He had theories and plans concerning a new freedom for natives, a new outlook which the old-timers were finding very difficult to swallow. Before he spoke he glanced at the sullen native, Saiman, who had been brought in by the messenger and who was sulking beside the white man.

"You admit striking this man?" he began.

"Certainly," Hart interrupted. "As I told you, I have been trying for weeks to teach that numbskull —"

The Commissioner tapped sharply on the table with his pencil. A frown of annoyance pulled his eyebrows down.

"Mr. Hart! Please remember that this is a courtroom."

"Sorry."

The Commissioner nodded. "I accept your apology. But you must realize that times have changed, Mr. Hart. I regret that the necessity should have arisen for me to speak this way, but—you have been here many years."

"Nineteen," Hart muttered under his breath.

"Yes. Nineteen," agreed the Commissioner. "That is too long for a man to live out here without keeping in touch with the 'home country'. Ideas change, Mr. Hart. There is a new policy in effect. This rule by fist must stop. If you cannot control your natives without hitting them—why you will have to discharge them and find some that you can control. We cannot develop the natives unless you older men will cooperate with us. Striking natives is not cooperation. I recommend that you endeavor to find natives of the type of Mathew, here. You should have much less difficulty with such men than with the type of that man, Saiman."

"But, Commissioner," Hart's voice was low and earnest, "you are new here. You don't understand. If I do not give cheeky natives a hiding now and then I shall have no authority whatever on my farm. No man can afford to take on a native, spend weeks and months training him and then just let him go at some time when he refuses work. Why, I'd become just a training school for natives. That's not what I am here for. I have to earn my living. I have to support my wife and family."

"I understand your difficulties, Mr. Hart." The Commissioner's voice was distant and very Oxfordish. Hart's face hardened and the color of his eyes deepened. He knew that the Commissioner did not understand at all. "But you cannot correct them by striking natives. They are as entitled to protection against bodily assault as I am or as you are. This is not the first such incident so far as you are concerned. I do not want to be unduly hard upon you, but since you admit striking this man the judgment of the Court is that you shall pay the native, Saiman, one pound as compensation, that you pay two pounds to the Court as a fine for breaking the peace, and that you pay the costs. The costs," glancing down at the papers on the table, "the costs amount to sixteen shillings and sixpence."

The Commissioner raised his head and looked at the man on whom he had just passed judgment. The hard lines in that weathered face had suddenly fallen. For a moment the Commissioner stared at a face in which he had read only too clearly that there was no such sum as three pounds sixteen and six available. He softened his judgment a little.

"If you do not have that sum with you the Court is willing to extend you the time of one month in which to pay. In consideration of the years which you have been established, and knowing, as the Court knows, that you own your farm no bond will be required."

The Commissioner shuffled his papers nervously. Al-

though he had been in Rhodesia a little more than five years he still did not feel at ease with the hard, browned men with whom he came in contact. But he was right, he told himself. These men were living in the past. They must learn that law and order had come and that the native was to be judged as the equal of the white. Hart had risen. In the few seconds after the Commissioner had spoken he had pulled himself together. His eyes, sunken far under the shaggy eyebrows where they had retreated for protection from the glaring sun, were dark and dangerous. The skin, taut above the cheekbones, was whiter than the rest of his face. When Hart spoke his voice was even, but hard with a feeling which the Commissioner for all his beliefs could never equal.

"Thank you."

Hart turned on his heels and strode to the door. Slapping his hat on his head he started down the flower bordered path which led to the gate into the dirt road beyond. As he did the policeman came out of the Commissioner's office and followed him. Hart heard the shoes crunching on the hot, hard gravel and turned. At sight of the trim figure in the worn khaki uniform he smiled a rueful grin.

"Well, Jim?"

Sergeant Jim Collins had been long in Rhodesia. He had worked natives. He realized, as the Commissioner did not, how difficult it would be for Hart to control his natives once word got around that the native who had not done his job, and been hit by the Boss to teach him a lesson, had successfully revolted and was to receive a pound (two months' wages) as compensation.

Hart stopped to let his old friend catch up.

"Three sixteen and six." His shoulders came up in a shrug which Jim knew was mere bravado. "Well. I'll be getting along back. Have to slaughter an extra ox or something to get the money." Hart was silent a moment. Then the pent-up feelings burst forth. "Dammit, Jim. What are we coming to? Change my natives! Hire boys like the sainted Mathew! Can't you just picture a native in a collar and tie sweating behind a plow? Change my natives. New ideas. Hell." And native fashion, Hart spat disgustfully on the ground.

"What about a spot, Michael?" asked Jim, "Clear the throat."

"Sorry, Jim—. It's a long ride home on the push bike. And Mary will be wanting to know."

"Don't be an idiot, Mike." Jim knew what was in his old friend's mind. "Come on."

"It's a long ride, Jim. Seven miles. I'll be pushing along. Thanks just the same."

Proud as Lucifer, thought Collins, as he watched Michael climb on his bike and pedal away. Won't take a drink because he can't pay for one himself. He'll go back to the farm now and deny himself something more and work extra hard to raise that money. For a moment Collins hated the Commissioner sitting smugly in his office. Couldn't he understand what even three pounds meant to a man like Michael? Couldn't he understand what he had done to this man's pride? Collins walked to his own little office thinking thoughts unbecoming an officer of the law.

For half an hour Collins tried to interest

himself in the reports on his table. Then, just as he was giving up and thinking of closing the office and pushing off for lunch, a chit was brought to him by one of the Commissioner's messengers. He read it, got up and straightening his tunic walked across to the Boma office. He thought that he knew what it was that the Commissioner wanted to say and he did not want to hear it.

"You sent for me, sir?" Collins announced himself from the doorway.

The Commissioner looked up.

"Ah, Collins. Good of you to come along. I was afraid that you might have been busy."

"I was," snapped Collins.

"Oh. You were, eh? Oh." The Commissioner could not become accustomed to the directness of the Sergeant. He always felt as if the Sergeant were speaking



to him as he would to a naughty schoolboy who had done some mean thing. He was younger than the policeman and he resented the feeling.

Collins remained silent, standing easily before the table. There was nothing which he cared to say so he merely waited for the news which he judged the Commissioner had for him. The D.C. extracted a letter from amongst the pile on his desk, glanced through it rapidly and looked up at the policeman.

"You know Mopani Randall, of course, Sergeant."

"Yes, sir. I know him very well."

"I have a letter from him here. His cattle are disappearing."

Collins restrained a movement of surprise. Mopani Randall was one of the two greatest and most successful cattle ranchers in Rhodesia. He ran thousands of three-quarter and five-eighths breed Herefords which were the envy of everyone. Randall was notorious for his severity towards wrong doers. He had not been re-named Mopani, the name of the hardest wood which grows in Rhodesia, for no reason at all. That anyone would dare to interfere with Mopani and especially with his cattle seemed almost incredible.

"Does Mopani give any more information, sir?"

"No. Only that the cattle are disappearing from his Infalusi ranch."

"Infalusi?"

"Yes. Isn't Infalusi near Michael Hart's farm?"

"Six miles," Collins told him. Then he burst out, "But if you have any thoughts that Hart has anything to do with the disappearance of cattle you are barking up the wrong tree."

"Tut, tut, Sergeant. I never suggested such a thought. I merely asked you where Infalusi was." The Commissioner glanced at the Sergeant. A smile played across his mouth. He had scored a point for he knew

Mary Hart greeted him with all her old friendliness, but somehow Collins caught a feeling that she wished he had not come



what close friends the two men were. "But I can tell you this, Sergeant. Michael Hart has been killing quite a lot of cattle lately for that native butchery of his."

"I don't know how many cattle Michael has killed, sir. But he has hundreds of his own, and he has a butcher's license."

"I know that. I issued it," the Commissioner answered dryly. "Anyway you will have to do something about this complaint from Randall."

"I'll go right after lunch," Collins stated. "Anything else, sir?"

"No. That's all."

After his luncheon Collins called his tall black Corporal, Kambove, and gave him instructions about things which had to be done during the afternoon. Kambove had been with him for seven years. Collins often said that it was really the Corporal who ran the station. That he himself was just around to keep up appearances. Kambove wheeled out the motorbike and saluting, saw his Boss disappear down the dusty road in a coughing cloud of dust.

Every property of Randall's did not have a white man in charge, but Infalusi, boasting some of the best grazing and water in Rhodesia, was supervised by a Dutchman named Schultz. He was a non-talkative man who knew cattle from A to Z.

As Collins' noisy bike chugged up the rise towards the whitewashed brick house in which Schultz lived he saw the man come onto the verandah and stand watching. Collins knew that the Dutchman's keen eyes would have told him already who was coming.

"Hello, Schultz," he called as he wavered to a stop. "Hot enough for you these days?"

"It is October, Sergeant," the bearded man answered and shrugged. "What would you? Always the heat piles up before the rains come down. But it is not bad weather for this country."

Collins wheeled his bike into the shade and propping it, climbed onto the verandah.

"Will you sit down?" Schultz motioned towards a deck chair. "You would like a drop of brandy?"

Collins hitched himself to the edge of the chair. "We had a letter from Mopani, Schultz. He said that cattle were disappearing from Infalusi."

"So you have come about that, eh? Well. It is true."

"How many?"

"Perhaps two hundred head."

"Phew!" Collins whistled. Mopani in his letter had given no indication that the matter was so serious as that. Two hundred head of cattle represented a small fortune. At, say, eight pounds a head that was sixteen hundred pounds. Money, thought Collins grimly.

"How long has this been going on?"

Schultz shrugged. "I am not sure. You know, Sergeant, some cattle, they get caught by crocodiles. The lions get some, too. And once in a while the damned niggers, they take. It is hard to say when this start. You understand?"

Collins nodded. What Schultz had said was true. Every big ranch had its cattle losses from such causes. Some months they were greater than others. It would be impossible to tell when the thefts, if they were thefts, had started.

"Have you any theories, Schultz?"

"Theories. Theories? Suspensions, you mean?" The Dutchman stared out across the veld which lay shimmering and wriggling below him. His face had that crinkled faraway look which comes to all men who live alone in wide spaces for many years. "Sergeant, you and I have been in this country for a long time. I for longer than you. It is a hard country. People have troubles. There are the damned niggers. I speak not suspicions. When I know I tell you. Now," the man shrugged again and turned to face the policeman, "now I do not know."

Collins rose. He held out his hand.

"We could do with more like you," he said. "Well, got to push along. But I'll be looking into this, so if I pop up again don't be surprised. And don't shoot any of my natives if they come around."

Schultz glanced at him (Continued on page 39)

Television Next!

by

Myron M. Stearns

TELEVISION is going to come suddenly.

Airplanes and automobiles, motion pictures, and even radio itself all had to grow in popularity and use for years, as they were gradually improved. But fascinatingly clear television will probably burst on us full-fledged.

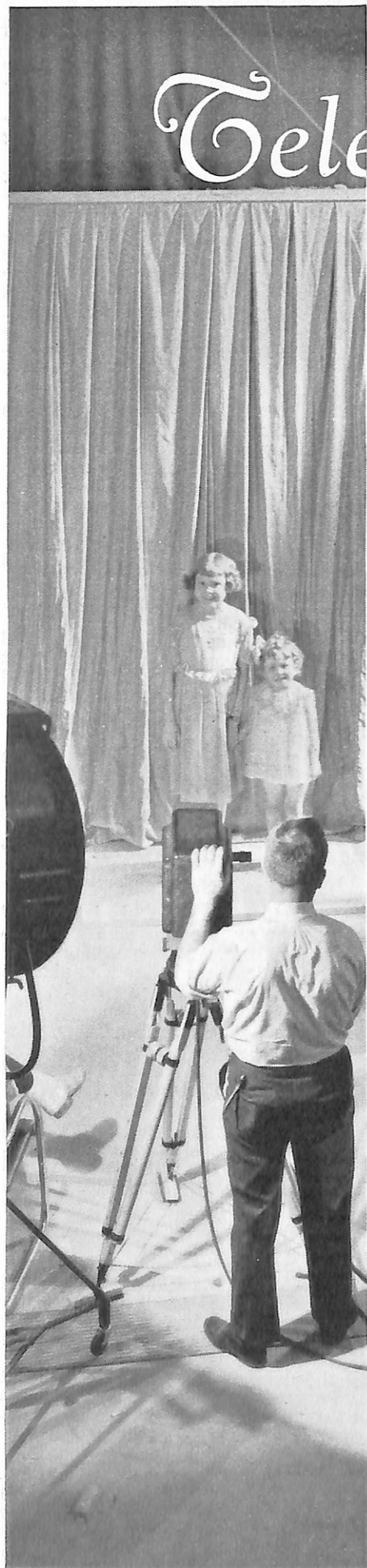
Discussed and anticipated for years, partially tried out some seasons back in blurred, disappointing form, right now it is waiting at the gates.

Almost overnight we'll be watching horse races, baseball games, parades, dramatic performances—possibly even great tenement fires or other spectacular news events, in our own homes. In thousands of living-rooms we'll be able to watch political candidates or leaders as well as hear them.

How soon is this sudden miracle going to come? This year? Next year? Your guess is almost as good as mine.

"Before the end of the year," David Sarnoff, President of the Radio Corporation of America, has promised, "R.C.A. will bring its perfected television out of the laboratory for its first comprehensive field test." It is expected that within a month or so of the time you read this article simultaneous broadcasts of a television program will be made from New York and Philadelphia, to be picked up by the lucky possessors of five hundred or so "loaned" R.C.A. receiving sets. Already Baird Television, Limited, of England, through agreement with holders of American patents, is preparing a B.B.C. broadcast from London, using equipment rushed to them early this year from this side of the Atlantic. Last January the Farnsworth Television Laboratories of Philadelphia, the American end of this international tie-up, had a television demonstration at the Franklin Institute, and as this article is written are preparing to renew it on a permanent basis.

Left and right, a television act as it will be broadcast for popular consumption



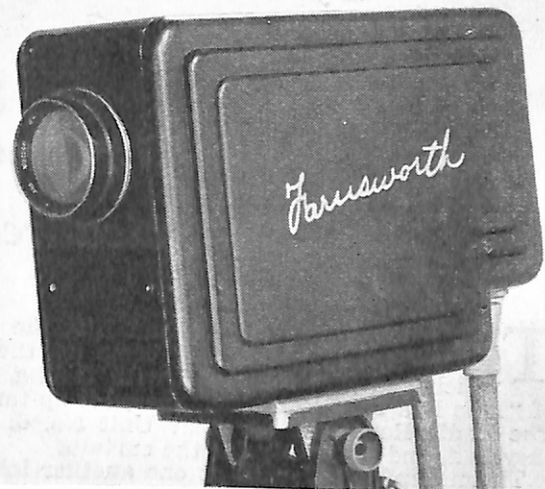
from New York as soon as he can get the necessary license. Since last April Peck Television has been broadcasting experimentally from Montreal, on a six-meter wave-length (we'll get around to why television has to go out on ultra-short wave-lengths presently) with results that they report as excellent. Contrasting to the Peck company in size, the great Philco Radio and Television Corporation is confident that it will be able to supply television receiving sets as soon as adequate programs create a demand for them.

Between New York and Philadelphia, also, an R.C.A. "facsimile circuit" has already been operating since last December. Know what "facsimiles" are? They correspond to regular television in about the way that still photography corresponds to motion pictures. On the

On one side perfected television already operating in laboratories and over various small experimental circuits. Big and little companies apparently ready to start broadcasting and turning out television receiving sets in quantity at a moment's notice. Scientific acceptance of, and popular demand for, television unquestioned.

And on the other side most of the best-informed people doubting that we'll have television for years yet.

It looks like a continuation of the "just around the corner" condition that television has already been in for some time. And it's worth taking a little time and trouble, before we go any farther, to try to understand it. Then we'll be able to be patient and philosophic and well-posted and superior about television, if



new facsimile circuit, for example, a page of the New York Times can be shot to Philadelphia and appear there in just as good detail as in the original within a few seconds of the time it was tacked up in New York. Almost the same as television to most of us, but in reality quite different because it does not need to be done with the incredible (as we shall see) speed of fully-feathered out pictures in motion.

Nor do all these exhibitions, plans, accomplishments, experiments, and announcements concern blurred or inadequate or too-small pictures, either. They are adequate, and satisfying. Those are other things that we'll get to in greater detail further on in this article. They mean, taken altogether, that the miracle of good television is already here today, ready—just as soon as broadcasting begins and receiving sets are put on sale—for you and for me!

But before we get to those details of just how good television already is, and similar questions that everybody will soon be asking, we have to do an abrupt right-about-face.

Most of the best-qualified authorities on television question seriously whether we'll have it for at least another four or five years—except possibly in local experimental programs, picked up by isolated receivers, on sets for the most part owned by the broadcasting companies, such as those already referred to.

Editors, for example, of scientific or trade magazines, who are in a position to see both sides of the picture—like the editors of the McGraw-Hill magazine *Electronics*, or Dr. Orestes H. Caldwell, former Federal Radio Commissioner and now editor of *Radio Today*—are willing to bet we won't see much in the way of popular television before 1940, if then!

An amazing and contradictory situation.

Above left: An act ready to be "photographed", and right, the television "camera" which is all that is needed when the cameraman is on location.

it continues to remain just around the corner, while at the same time we'll be ready to shout and boost for it if it breaks suddenly—as to many people it seems likely to do very soon.

A sort of log-jam appears to have formed, piled up on three large, rocky problems and a number of little ones in the bed of the stream around which the development of television some time ago seemed to be flowing smoothly.

The first big obstruction we can call, lacking a more specific name, the commercial problem.

A second grows out of the patent situation. As we look into this second it will help us understand the third, which is strictly financial. All three are connected or inter-related, like three separate rocks that are all projections from the same underlying ledge.

In a nut-shell the commercial problem, or situation, is this: Radio and broadcasting, forming together one of the first industries to bounce back toward prosperity after the depression, are doing very nicely, thank you, just the way they are. Consequently none of the big boys want to rock the boat. Not just yet. None of the big corporations that are already in the money are particularly anxious to hurry along the development of something that may seriously interfere with present prospects and profits.

When television broadcasting was begun in England some years ago—and over here on a still more limited basis—sales of ordinary receiving sets, for sound only, fell off sharply. Even though the pictures then broadcast were small, blurred, and generally inadequate, nobody wanted to buy any more receiving sets for sound only—and maybe lose out on something. It would be worse than buying an automobile of a design that had suddenly become old-fashioned or obsolete.

Last year Americans paid (Continued on page 41)

The Pied Piper of Hamelin, Inc.

By Ruth Adams Knight

*A post-Christmas story
for cynical readers*

THE spotlight on Thelma and Bill, the "Two Red-heads," faded, the "foots" came up, the orchestra, which had just completed with feeling one chorus of "This Is a Fine Romance," jazzed it up for the finale. The Radio Ramblers, Amateur Unit No. 6, gave it all they had, and got ready for the curtain.

Thelma and Bill looked at one another languishingly as they sang. They provided the romantic element of the unit. "Pop" Hendricks, King of the Harmonica, tooted away on his mouth harp and the Baby Blondes put their three heads together and harmonized. The curtain went down and came up again, encouraged by the unusual applause of an audience consisting largely of housewives wearied with Christmas shopping. The company beamed. The stage manager, sympathetic, squeezed in five curtain calls before the applause died entirely. But he couldn't wangle a sixth. The curtain stayed down, the feature picture began and Unit No. 6 turned to their dressing rooms. Their smiles vanished and a pall of gloom enveloped them.

A narrow circular staircase led upward. They moved along it, single file, toward the biggest room where the three blondes dressed.

They all went in, and Pop closed the door. The blondes sat on their trunk, Thelma flopped before the dressing table, and Bill leaned against the wall. Pop sat straddling a broken house chair, riding it as if it were a bronco which he expected every minute would throw him. They all waited for him to begin. He was a little man, slight, wiry and grey, and his nickname fitted him perfectly.

"Well," he said at last, dismally. "There's nothing more from the agency. That means positively we close here Saturday night."

"I don't understand about it yet," complained Gertie, the littlest blonde. "What'd they cancel us for? The manager said we were goin' over swell, and when you go over in this town, it's news—"

Pop interrupted impatiently.

"I explained all that before. We ain't off because we ain't good. We're off because our sponsor's cancelled his contract. He's off the air. He had a run-in with Atlantic Broadcasting Company about not getting the stations he wanted and his amateur hour is out. So all of us units are out too."

"That fellow in the advertising agency—can't he fix it?"

Pop smiled indulgently. "When something goes wrong," he said, "all an advertising man can do is hide. And believe me, baby, he does."

"You don't suppose somebody found out you wasn't a real amateur, do you?" asked Goldie.

"Maybe somebody told them how many years you were on Pantages' circuit," Blondie suggested.

"Well, I figure with all the odd jobs I've done since, I got back my amateur standing. I wish," Pop added reflectively, "this was the old days when an actor was an artist instead of an ad."

There was a dismal silence. Pop finally broke it.

"Anybody got a cheerin' thought for these dark hours? Thelma?"

There was no answer. Goldie leaned over and touched Thelma's shoulder.

"Hey, kid, wake up. Pop wants some suggestions."

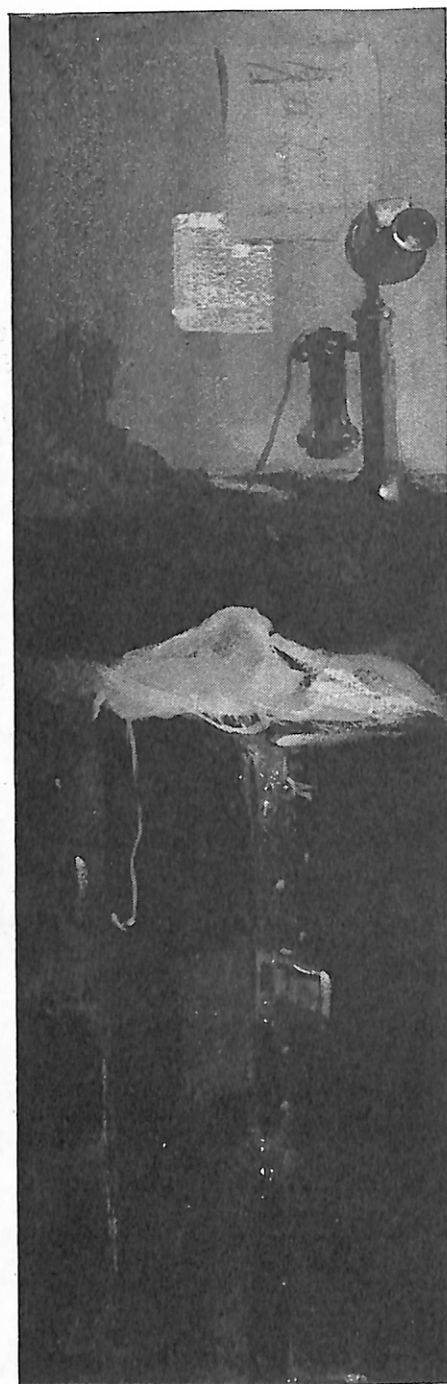
Thelma came back from a long distance.

"Don't ask me, Pop. I don't know any of the answers."

"Girls, what about you?"

The blondes looked blank. Pop surveyed them thoughtfully.

"Just three big blisters on the heel of progress," he said. "If there's any saving this situation, looks like I got to do it myself."



Illustrated by

L. R. Gustavson



"I don't blame you for feeling that way. I don't suppose I do loom up as a very sturdy oak, do I?"

Bill took his eyes off of Thelma and ran his hands through his thick red hair.

"What's going to save it, Pop? Here we are, a dandy little group of amateurs, up to our necks in Kansas, in a town where they haven't smiled since McKinley was President—"

"Never mind the wisecracks, young fellow. The situation is serious."

"You're telling *us* it's serious," Blondie's voice shrilled. "After we gave up our jobs in the five and ten back in Scranton to come out with this lousy unit—"

"Thelma gave up her job, too," Bill put in.

Thelma sat up suddenly. "Haven't we got any rights at all?" she demanded.

"You got the same rights as a Republican in Texas," said Pop. "You can live, you can breathe and you can eat what you can pay for. But you can't complain."

"Then what *are* we going to do?"

"We're going to try to get out of Kansas," said Goldie. "Home for Christmas—sounds good, doesn't it? I never thought I'd be yearning to hang up my stocking in Scranton, Pa., but anything's better than this place. The town's like a morgue."

"How *do* we get out?"

"Money, baby, we raise money."

"Yeah, but how? What do you do to get money in Kansas?" Gertie asked hopefully.

Thelma turned to Pop.

"Night clubs?"

"In Kansas? Listen, baby, the hottest spot in this town is a radiator. And they bring the steam from St. Louis in buckets."

"Any other theaters?"

Pop shook his head. "None that would book us."

Bill got up and walked to the window. Large flakes of snow fell softly against the glass. A truck loaded with Christmas trees rumbled past. Across the street a Salvation Army Santa Claus stamped warmth into his feet.

"Some Christmas present," Bill observed to no one in particular.

"We ain't licked yet, son," Pop said. "If there was even a decent saloon in this burg I'd get us enough money to get home. I can make a dollar a minute harmonicking for a bunch of drunks. I do it every Christmas at a place on East Third Street at home."

Bill turned from the window. "Well, it's the fifteenth of December and we're a long ways from East Third Street. We've got to get out of this, Pop. We've got to think."

Gertie reached for the big can of theatrical cream, and started to take off her make-up.

"Well, while you master-minds think—I'll eat. Anybody else want a sandwich?"

"I do. Seems I can lose everything but my appetite."

"I'll go with you," said Goldie. "And am I tired of 'em. Sandwiches, sandwiches, sandwiches!"

"Don't get lofty. Looks like we're going to eat 'em for Christmas."

The blondes grabbed kimonos. Bill and Thelma went down the stairs together and Bill followed her into her dressing-room.

"Come on, girlie, take it with a smile. It'll be all right. It's a bad break, but we'll fix it up somehow."

"I suppose so," said Thelma. "We've got to. It's just—that it took me by surprise, and I feel so—helpless."

"Swell. I've always wanted to be in love with a helpless woman, the kind who got around your neck and clung, and let you feel like the Rock of Gibraltar. Let yourself go, Honey. Lean on me."

Thelma made no answer. There was an awkward silence for a few moments and then Bill gave an unhappy laugh.

"I don't blame you for feeling that way. I don't suppose I do loom up as a very sturdy oak, do I? Life was pretty funny until I met you—"

"And after that it wasn't funny any more?"

"You know what I mean, Thelma. Nothing's ever going to be fun again if I can't do something about us."

"Don't let's talk about it now, Bill. The way I feel now I couldn't tell if I were in love with you."

"Are you—so worried, Thelma?"

"I'm worried sick, Bill. It was a crazy gamble—giving up my job at Macy's to come out with this unit, but I've always thought I'd go somewhere if I could only get a chance on the stage. And when I won that prize on the amateur hour it seemed like a sign—"

"It was. If you hadn't come out with the unit you'd never have met me."

"I know, but I'm thinking about Margaret."

"Your sister at Saranac?"

"Yes. I didn't tell you this before, but she—she's got to have this money from me to stay there." She whirled to face him. "Oh, Bill. What am I going to do?"

His big hands closed over her elbows and he drew her to him. For the first time in the five weeks she had known him she saw the carefree, dancing lights fade from his eyes. They became suddenly determined and intent. He stared down at her. Her elbows went white from the pressure of his fingers. Her breath came in short gasps. He seemed not to breathe at all.

"You're beautiful," he said finally. "You leave this to me," and walked quickly out of the room.

He began taking off his make-up, thinking steadily of the lines of worry in a lovely face framed in auburn hair. Money, money! How did a man make money quickly in Kansas, of all places? Bill had never made money. Family influence, after the crash took the family fortune, had landed him a job on a newspaper. He held this down until he grew bored and then one day, on a dare, he had entered an amateur radio contest



and won. So he threw over his newspaper job for a theatrical career, which, as he looked back now, afforded him sardonic amusement.

With his casual background, thinking did not come easy and it was greatly to his credit that he went after it in a fashion which would have won admiration from his erstwhile professor of logic—a professor who had once seen in Bill the promise of an even more decadent civilization.

"Murphy," the professor had said, "give me a hundred men like you and I'll ruin this country in six weeks."



"You're free, Bill, free as the next one. I put up your bail with my own hands. Come along out of this place."

His professor would have admired Bill now. He attacked the problem logically. What were their assets? He stared at his grease-smeared face in the mirror, wiping off the make-up with quick, determined strokes. There were Thelma and himself, three dizzy blondes who could harmonize, and Pop—who could entice notes out of a harmonica which would do credit to, and probably surprise, a five-piece orchestra. Bill began to think hard about Pop. In the back of his mind an idea began to take shape.

"Hey," he called, sticking his head around the edge of the dressing-room door. "How long would it take you to teach a person how to play the harmonica?"

"Depends on the person," Pop replied from across the hall. "What do you want to do, take a few lessons?"



"Well, if I did, how long would it take you to teach me to play?"

"Well, with your mentality—"

Pop's tone was dubious.

"Cut the comedy, Pop. I'm serious."

"Maybe, if you put your mind to it, I could get you under way all right in a couple of hours. After that it's mostly practice. You've got to have a sort of natural 'feel' for a harmonica—"

"What about that harmonica band you had once? How long did it take you to teach them?"

"Couple of days, I guess. 'Course we got better and better as we went along."

Bill's face in the mirror above the necktie he was straightening, showed a growing excitement. He slipped into his coat.

"I get the idea," he said, as he went out. "Well, Pop, be seeing you."

The studios of Station WPDQ were located in the Lowell Hotel, and the manager's name was Howard Chapman. He was willing to see Bill, but what he had to say was not encouraging. He wasn't interested in any new program ideas until he sold the ones he already had on the air. He wanted a show a sponsor would buy and sponsors weren't buying too readily these days. Yes, he admitted the possibilities in a group like theirs, but small stations had to make out as best they could with sustaining programs. There was very little money to spend for entertainment that wasn't commercially sponsored. And with the kind of recordings which were available now—

"Yes," Bill said. "I realize that. Everything's canned these days, even entertainment. I've just been canned myself." He rose to go.

"You haven't any sponsors who are interested in going on the air, so that we could try to work something out for them, have you?"

"Well," said Mr. Chapman, "we lost our best sponsor only a few weeks ago. If you can figure out something to get them back, we'd practically give you the radiostation."

He laughed, but quite without mirth.

"Who was the sponsor?"

"Hamelin, Inc. It's the largest department store in town. They've always been air-minded—had big radio shows on the air for years. But business in this town is still bad. All of a sudden Hamelin himself orders a program of retrenchment, and cuts their advertising appropriation down to nothing. The first thing out was their radio program. It hit us pretty hard."

"Why is business so bad here? It's picking up everywhere else."

"I don't know. It's the way people around here think, I guess. They have been complaining for six years and they are not going to stop it all at once for anybody."

"Midwest blues, eh?"

"Something like that."

"Maybe they just need cheering up a little bit."

"They may need it, but they won't take it. When they're down, they're down, and Ed Wynn, Harpo Marx, Eddie Cantor and Joe E. Brown doing a double duet would just make 'em more morose."

"You don't think Hamelin could be persuaded to go back on the air, then?"

Mr. Chapman shrugged his shoulders.

"If you can sell them a program, you get a fat sales commission."

"You wouldn't like to put that in writing, would you?"

The older man looked at Bill with amusement.

"Got an idea?"

"A kind of an idea. No harm to try. Would you like to give me a contract?"

"I'll dictate a letter to my secretary." His tone was a little cynical. "There's nothing like the self-confidence of youth, is there?"

"They tell me time's a sure cure for it," said Bill cheerfully. "I'll wait here for the letter."

Half an hour later he was walking through the aisles of Hamelin, Inc. Mr. Chapman hadn't exaggerated. Whatever might be the condition of the country in general, business certainly was bad here. Ten days before Christmas and there (Continued on page 36)

SHOW BUSINESS



Above: Leslie Howard as "Hamlet" in the second presentation of the tragedy to reach New York this year. Mr. Howard's magnificent production has, somewhat unfairly, not received the accolade it deserved. The play is now on the road somewhere in the Middle West on its way to California, and this Department recommends it unreservedly to its readers

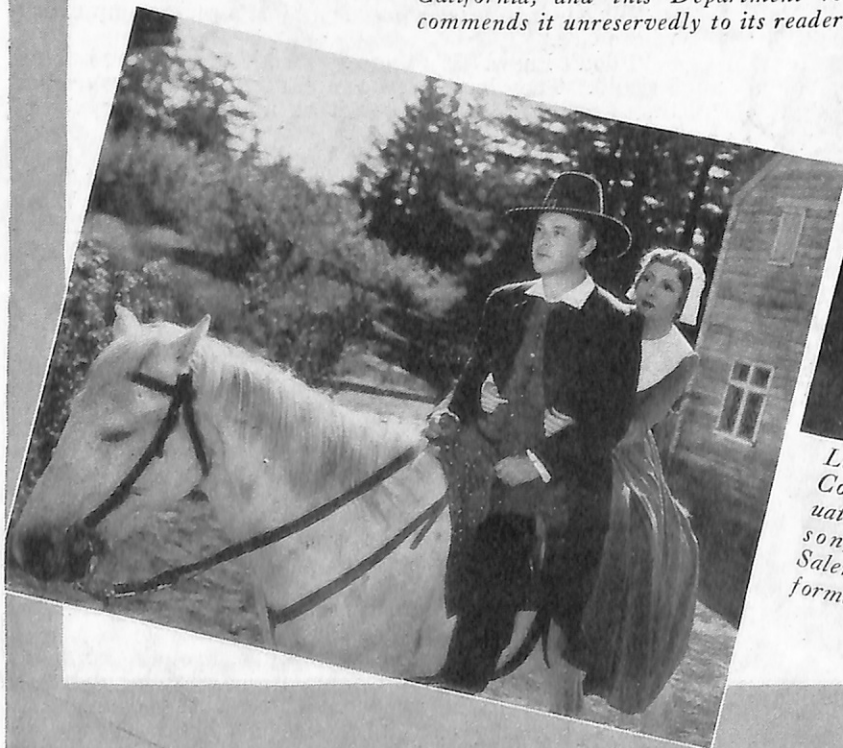
Below: Gertrude Lawrence and Noel Coward in one of the nine, sprightly but over-rated, one-act plays which he wrote and brought to New York. Gay, pleasant and amusing, none of the plays are top-notch, all are amusing, with Coward and Miss Lawrence supplying consistent entertainment



Below: That most finished of actresses, Grace George, whose prodigious charm turns "Matrimony Pfd." from just another French comedy into one of the happiest of theatrical ventures



Left is the beautiful Claudette Colbert in a typical Claudette Colbert situation, with Harvey Stephens, in the film, "Maid of Salem." Miss Colbert's performances continue to satisfy



Right: A shot from "Johnny Johnson," probably the most interesting, if not the most successful, play in New York. Presented by the Group Theatre, "Johnny Johnson" is a moving and humorous protest against the insanities of war.



Right: The talented and gay Miss Ruth Gordon costumed for her current revival of Wycherley's comedy, "The Country Wife," a lusty product of the 17th Century which is as alive today as it was then.



Above, being tin-typed on their wedding day are Joel McCrea and Barbara Stanwyck, in the film "Banjo On My Knee," a rollicking bit of fantasy which none too accurately concerns itself with the doings of river folk.



Right: Brian Aherne and the beautiful Merle Oberon savor one of their few stolen moments of happiness in the tragic and beautiful film, "Beloved Enemy," a story of the Irish conflict with England.

Right: Two of the screen's most interesting newcomers, Humphrey Bogart, who is an established stage actor of considerable stature, and Dick Foran, of Warner Brothers. "Black Legion," the film in which they appeared together was aided immeasurably by their fine performances. Foran, away from the horse operas of which he has fallen afoul, gives every indication of becoming one of the screen's reliable standbys.





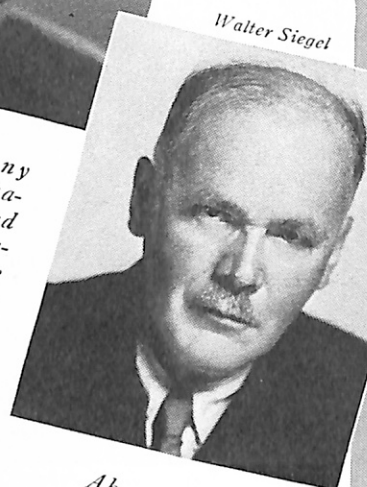
Above: Our friends, George Burns and Gracie Allen, extend the Season's Greetings

BROADCAST



Ray Lee Jackson

Above: Lanny Ross, one of radio's quietest and most popular figures, remains the star of NBC's indestructible *Show Boat*, heard each Thursday evening



Walter Siegel

Above: H. V. Kaltenborn, CBS news commentator, whose broadcasts from war-torn Spain were a scoop

Ray Lee Jackson

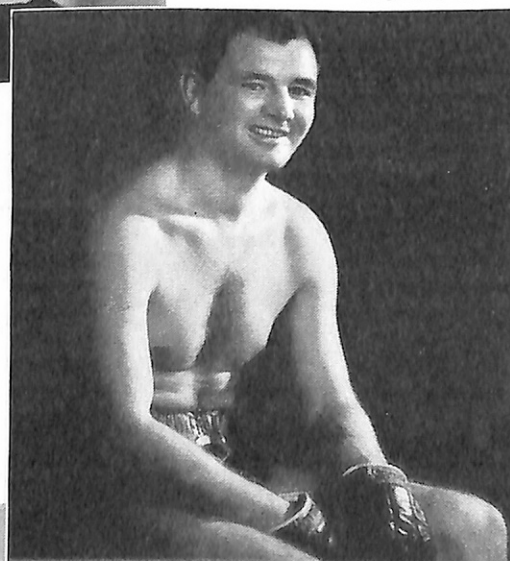
Below: Kay Thompson, whose unusual ensemble, "The Rhythm Singers," highlight the special arrangements of dance melodies by Andre Kostelanetz and his 45-piece dance orchestra heard over WABC each Friday evening



Ray Lee Jackson

Above: Rosemary Lane, who is featured on Fred Waring's programs

Right: Jim Braddock, the World's Heavyweight Champion, who has indulged in a series of broadcasts relating the none-too-fascinating story of his life. As a broadcaster, Braddock makes a better heavyweight. Which, we hasten to add, is as it should be



What America Is Reading

Highlights in New Books as Reported

by Harry Hansen

This seems to be an excellent time to talk books, for more people seem excited about books this year than for six years preceding. The other day I heard two insurance men arguing about Sherman's march to the sea; one of them said it was a shame and something ought to be done about it. They had been sampling "Gone with the Wind"—one bookstore reports a customer who wanted "Silent as the Breeze." On suburban trains I hear women debating who ought to play Rhett Butler in the movies, so I know that bridge is no longer the primary topic.

In some parts of the country readers are devouring "Be Glad You're Neurotic," by Dr. Louis E. Bisch, happy to find an author who doesn't predict immediate disaster because we are not all made alike. And in the big cities, New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Chicago, San Francisco, a little book called "Live Alone and Like It," by Marjorie Hillis, a minister's daughter, is sending a lot of girls to work these mornings with a cheerful smile, glad that they have one room with a kitchenette instead of an eight-room house with a tired husband. You've heard about Dorothea Brande's "Wake Up and Live"—all of which indicates that we are moving out of the dumps into happier times, reading books that help us to look on the better side of things.

People are always saying that they can't find the books they want to read, and yet, if they put their minds to it, they would find no end of highly satisfying books, whether they wanted novels, stories of action, biographies, mystery and fun or books with more specialized literary subjects. Off-hand I can name a dozen fine books that ought to be welcome wherever people get enjoyment and information out of reading.

Let's see what they are. "Gone with the Wind," by Margaret Mitchell, is tops for the year as the swiftest-moving story, crammed with exciting moments. "An American Doctor's Odyssey," by Dr. Victor Heiser, telling how he worked to eradicate disease in the Far East and elsewhere, shows what an intelligent American can do when he gets started. "Audubon," by Constance Rourke, is a gem—the life-story of



Max Eastman, author of "Enjoyment of Laughter," published by Simon and Schuster, Inc.

our famous birdman, not aviator but artist, together with marvelous reproductions in color of some of Audubon's famous drawings of wild birds. "Inside Europe," by John Gunther, has chapters on all the important countries of Europe, and offers a quick and comprehensive grasp of the political situation. "Drums Along the Mohawk" by Walter D. Edmonds, a tale of the American Revolution, is a fine portrayal of how that conflict was fought out among the farmers of New York State. "The Flowering of New England" by Van Wyck Brooks has an irresistible appeal for those who want to recall how Emerson, Thoreau, the Alcotts and all the great of Concord and Boston lived in the last century. And "Portrait of an Era; as Drawn by

C. D. Gibson," by Fairfax Downey, ought to stir the memories of everybody who ever watched for Gibson's drawings in Life and Collier's before the great war changed our interests.

One could go on indefinitely, like a bookseller—but I am going to restrict myself to a few more titles, and then describe some of the new books a little more fully. One advantage has come to the bookbuyer in the last few years—he gets more for his money. The publication of fat books with thin pages, containing many different books, has opened a treasury of good reading to countless people. The value of books of this kind cannot well be overestimated. Let me cite, for instance, the "Anthology of World Poetry," prepared by Mark Van Doren. There are 1536 pages in this book; 600 poets from many lands, the most famous of all time, are here represented—what a treat for anyone who loves poetry. Mr. Van Doren teaches literature at Columbia University; his brother, Carl Van Doren, author and literary critic, has just edited "The Borzoi Reader," another remarkable volume. Here are gathered together some of the finest books published by the house of Alfred A. Knopf in its publishing career; the authors include Willa Cather, Joseph Hergesheimer, Thomas Mann, Clarence Day, Julian Huxley, Max Beerbohm, Katherine Mansfield, Zona Gale—many more, for there are five novels, eight short stories, one full-length biography, one play and numerous poems and essays in this one treasury. Nor should the reader of plays be forgotten. "The Theatre Guild Anthology" offers fourteen plays in one volume, including "Saint Joan" by Bernard Shaw, "Lilom" by Ferenc Molnar, "Strange Interlude" by Eugene O'Neill, "Reunion in Vienna" by Robert Sherwood and a lot of other famous plays.

WHAT'S FUNNY AND WHY—WITH SAMPLES

When one man says of another: "He can't make me laugh!" he is setting himself up as a judge of comedy. But what really makes people laugh? And why do we smile at some jokes and snicker at others? Irvin S. Cobb says hash is funny, but veal stew isn't. When Fred Allen turns to the bass fiddler and says "How much would you charge to haunt a house?" everybody laughs. Bill Nye made our grandfathers roar when he described a man sleeping with his mouth open, "so that you could read his inmost thoughts." And W. C. Fields gets the same results today by trying to hit a golf ball and never hitting it.

All this helps to introduce Max Eastman's "Enjoyment of Laughter." He has asked the comedians of radio, stage and screen, how they get their effects. A pretty good laughter himself, he offers a lot of witty examples, from Mark Twain

(Continued on page 49)

Editorial

DID YOU EVER?

DID you ever, after a Lodge meeting was over, go up to some officer who had performed his part of the ritual services with fine dignity and effectiveness, and tell him so?

Did you ever make a point at a Lodge meeting to seek out some member present whom you did not know, and introduce yourself to him and tell him you would like to know him better?

Did you ever, after an initiation ceremony was concluded, and an opportunity was afforded, go to the newly initiated member and extend to him a special welcome to membership, and tell him you were glad he had joined the Lodge?

Did you ever note a stranger, a visiting Brother, in the Lodge meeting, and go over to sit by him and get acquainted with him, and let him know you were interested in his visit to your Lodge?

Did you ever take the trouble to tell the members of the entertainment committee that they had put on an interesting program, and that you had enjoyed it and appreciated their services to the Lodge?

Did you ever, when you knew there was a special task to be done in connection with some Lodge activity, go to the Exalted Ruler and tender your services, to do the best you could to fill the need?

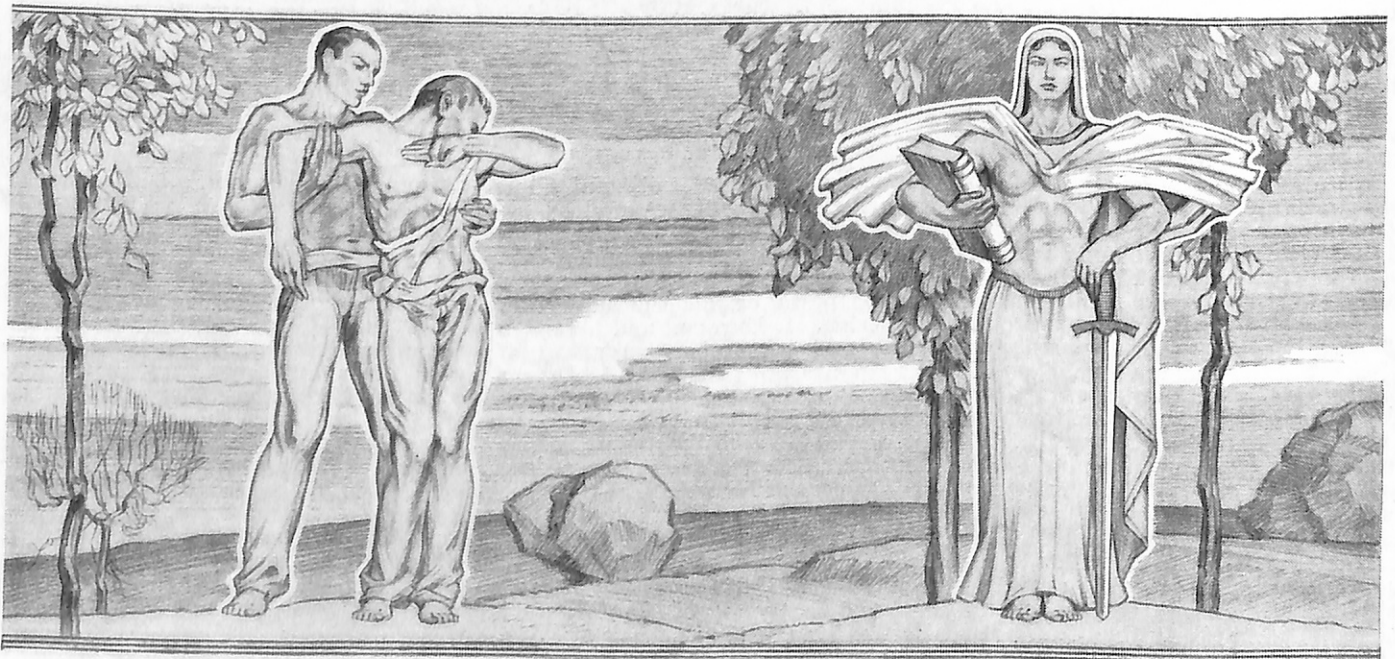
It is, perhaps, true that many members can answer affirmatively to all these questions. But the probability is that most members will be a little ashamed to realize that they must reply in the negative.

Anyway, suppose you do these things from time to time. You will be surprised not only at the pleasure you will give others but also at the pleasure you will derive from the experience.

COULD YOUR SON WRITE YOU SUCH A LETTER?

IN ANTICIPATION of his death in battle, a young English soldier in the World War wrote a letter to his father. In it he said:

"I want to thank you as your son. You have been to me the best father a fellow could wish. I want to thank you for the gift of a clean and strong and vigorous and healthy body, straight limbs and thews that could serve England at her need. For the gift of a powerful intellect and a discerning mind,—thank you. For the long years of self denial that made my education possible; for the guidance and teaching that kept me straight in the days of youth; for the counsel and help ever freely proffered when I asked; for all the noble things in your example,—again and most earnestly, thank you."



A father who received such a letter from his son, after news of his death on the field of battle, would feel no less grief for his irreparable loss. But he would treasure every expression in that last message of affectionate appreciation; and the consciousness that they were even measurably deserved would bring such solace as nothing else could.

In such circumstances could your son sincerely write you such a letter? If so, you should be a proud and happy father. If he could not, then you have failed him thus far. But, happily, it is never too late during his life to make some amends.

The question as to what sort of a letter his son would write as a farewell is one which every father might well ponder, in his survey of their relationships and the performance of his parental obligations. It may lead to readjustments and further fatherly fidelity which would be fraught with greater happiness to both.

VIRTUES ARE CONTAGIOUS

A CELEBRATED expert on child training, in speaking of the human environment he would desire for a child, said: "I want him to live with people who are close to what I want him to be. Goodness is catching."

This is but another way of saying that most virtues are contagious. They are more the result of example and personal observation than they are of academic instruction, we absorb good manners by observing them in the conduct of those about us. We are inspired to courage by seeing others display it. Generosity is induced in us by its practical exercise by others.

So the fraternal virtues, the exemplification of which is the fundamental objective of our Order, are stimulated and encouraged in those members who see them practiced in the daily lives of their Brothers. They are naturally led to emulation. The influence is unescapable. That is one of the great benefits of fraternal association.

And that fact constitutes one of the greatest of fraternal

obligations, to be watchful to set such an example that it be worthy of emulation by others.

It is also one of the important reasons for seeking an enlargement of membership. Those fraternal virtues are worthy of cultivation in the hearts of all men. Since they can be best stimulated by the contacts which inevitably attend interested membership and its natural associations, the larger the number subjected to the influence the greater will be the aggregate effect in the practice of true benevolence. And this is the great aim of the Order of Elks.

SCINTILLATING OMNILUCENCE

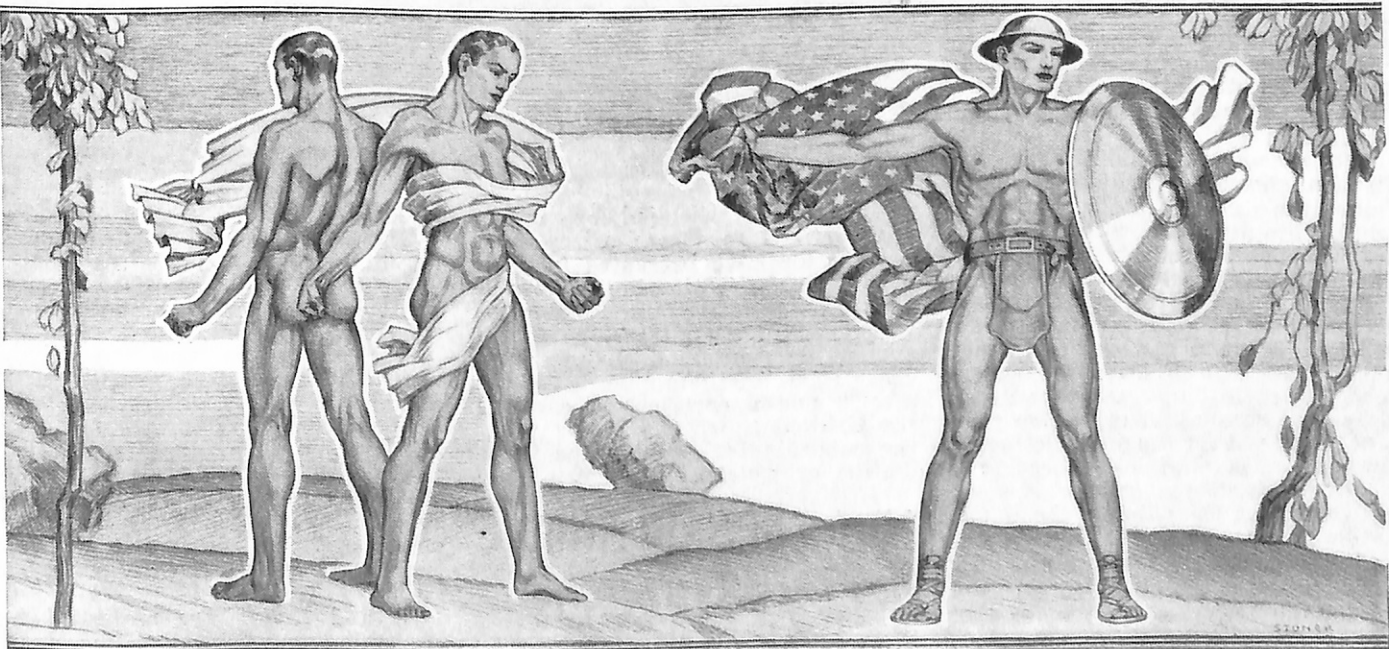
RECENTLY the captioned expression, in some current article being casually read, caught the editorial eye. It was such a mouth filling, high sounding phrase, that it could not lightly be passed by without some investigation of its meaning. "Scintillating" was understood but "omnilucence" was a new one.

It was ascertained that omnilucence, although not in the dictionary, is a double worded compound, meaning "shining upon all."

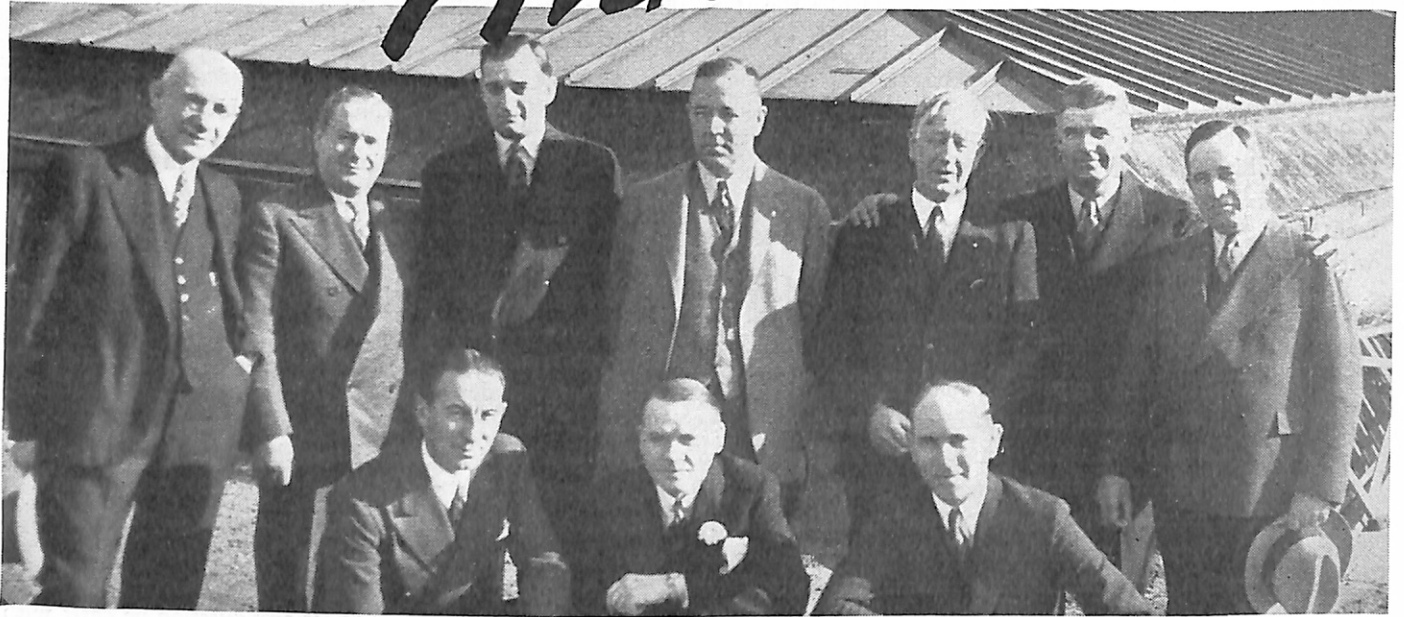
The humorous aptness of the phrase, as applied to some lodge room orators, was at once recognized; even though it is true that such omnilucence is not always, nor generally, scintillating.

There are individuals, and nearly every Lodge has its own examples, who seem unable to let any question be dealt with by the Lodge until they have aired their views thereon. Of course, free and open discussion of pending matters is always desirable. But it does get a little tiresome for the same person to be so frequently upon his feet for that purpose.

It may be assumed that few persons would care to be charged with omnilucence, even when the ameliorating adjective "scintillating" be also employed. Of course, when the supposed omnilucence becomes real obfuscation, as it often does, the need for relief may call for more aggressive criticism. Anyway—that's that.



UNDER THE *Antlers*



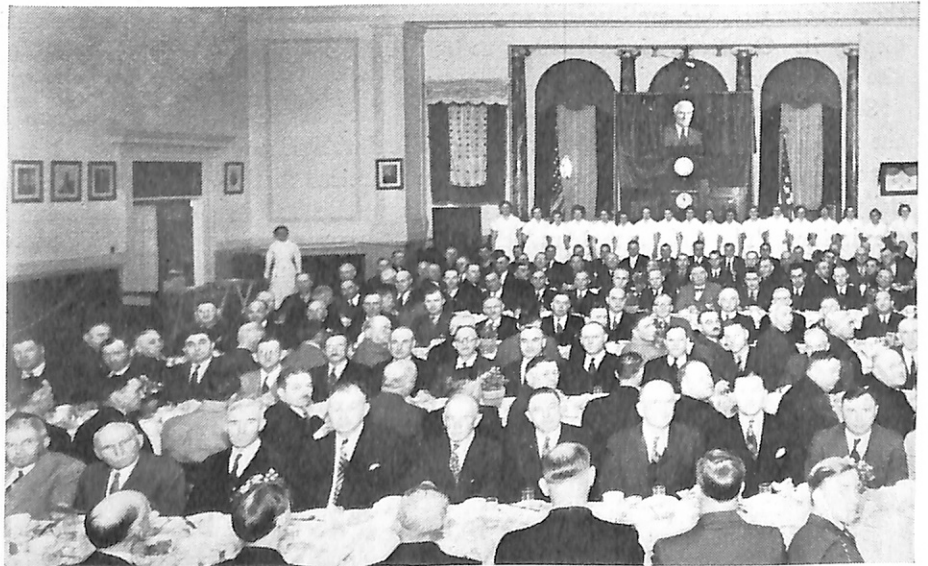
Above: Past Grand Exalted Ruler John R. Coen, Grand Secretary J. E. Masters, Wilbur M. Alter, Chief Justice of the Grand Forum and prominent Denver, Colo., Elks at a consultative meeting regarding arrangements for the Grand Lodge Convention which will be held in Denver next July

Elks National Foundation Scholarship Prizes for 1936-37

The development of the highest ideals in the youth of America is the purpose of the Elks National Foundation Trustees in offering three cash prizes amounting to \$1,900, to be awarded to the *most valuable students* of the school year, 1936-37.

The Foundation Trustees wish to inspire the students in high or preparatory schools and in recognized colleges to strive to develop traits and to accomplish results which will distinguish them as outstanding among the students of the country in scholarship attainment, in character, in citizenship and in patriotism. The "Most Valuable Student" prizes are as follows: First prize, \$1,000; second prize, \$600; third prize, \$300. Any student in the senior or graduating class of a high or preparatory school, or in any undergraduate class of a recognized college, who is a resident within the jurisdiction of the Order, is eligible to become a candidate for these awards.

In selecting the winners the Foundation Trustees will give consideration to character, scholarship, citizenship, exceptional courage, patriotism or service, and to any notable action or distinguishing accomplishment.



The students who apply or who are put forward for these prizes must present, or have presented in their behalf, an application in the form of a typewritten brief or prospectus which sets forth all the data with supporting exhibits, including a recent picture of the applicant for the award, and a certificate signed by the Exalted Ruler and Secretary of the subordinate Lodge in the jurisdiction of which the applicant is a

resident.

This presentation must be made on or before May 1, 1937, to Chairman John F. Malley, 15 State Street, Boston, to whom all communications should be sent.

Additional rules and regulations which the Foundation Trustees may consider necessary or desirable will be published in THE ELKS MAGAZINE.

The Foundation Trustees reserve the right to decline to make any awards in pursuance of the foregoing offers, if the representations made to them do not show sufficient merit.

Exalted Rulers are requested to read this announcement to the members at the next meeting of the

News of Subordinate Lodges Throughout the Order

Right: Among those at the New York Northeast District joint meeting held at Schenectady, when 67 were initiated, were, left to right: Robert J. Walsh, Chairman of the Conference; D.D. M. J. Degnan, State Pres. Dr. L. W. Roohan, E. R. Thomas W. Wallace, Chas. Spencer Hart, former member of the Grand Lodge Activities Committee, and State Vice-President Frank Fowler



Lodge, and to have the substance thereof printed in the Lodge bulletin. District Deputies are urged to cooperate in giving publicity to these scholarship prize offers.

Elks National Foundation Trustees
John F. Malley, Chairman
Raymond Benjamin, Vice-Chairman
Murray Hulbert, Secretary
James G. McFarland, Treasurer
Edward Rightor
Charles H. Grakelow
Floyd E. Thompson

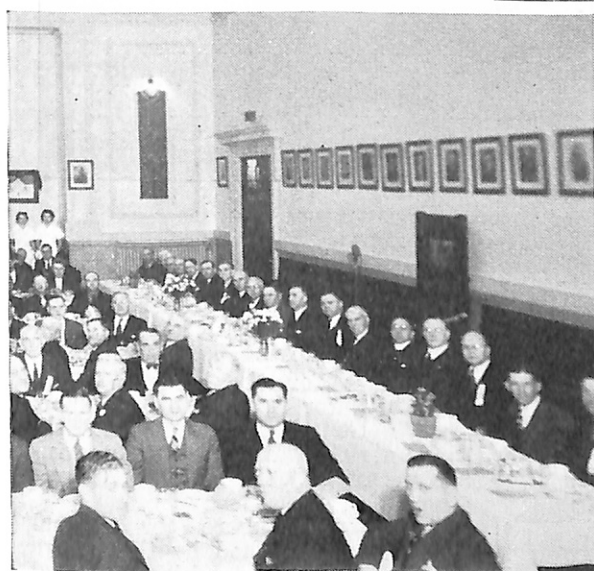
Blackwell, Okla., Lodge Welcomes D.D. Sullivan

D. D. Jerome C. Sullivan, of Duncan, Okla., Lodge, paid his official visit to Blackwell, Okla., Lodge, No. 1347, and witnessed the initiation



Above: Four prominent members of Grand Haven, Mich., Lodge with their prize-winning catch of 28 rabbits shot when the Lodge was to give a rabbit dinner

Left and on opposite page: Elks of Hibbing, Minn., Lodge at the Third Annual Honor Night banquet, this year's affair being held in the name of Peter Hardy, an Old-Timer of the Lodge



into the Order of a class of four candidates. Mr. Sullivan delivered an instructive and eloquent address, after which a Dutch lunch was served in the Lodge rooms. The class was initiated in honor of Past Grand Exalted Ruler James T. Hallinan.

Charleston, W. Va., Lodge Initiates 73 Candidates

Charleston, W. Va., Lodge, No. 202, recently inducted a class of 73 candidates into the Order with the Degree Team of Huntington, W. Va., Lodge, together with Huntington Lodge officers, conducting the initiation. About 40 members of Huntington Lodge were present, returning a visit of Charleston Elks to their city a few weeks before.

Altoona, Pa., Elks Observe Forty-Eighth Anniversary

With more than 150 members in attendance Altoona, Pa., Lodge, No. 102, early in October observed its 48th Anniversary. A banquet program with speech making, followed by dancing and other entertainment, made up a festive evening. The progress and achievements that have attended the many years' history of the Lodge were stressed by several speakers.

Another event of note held by Altoona Lodge was the recent entertainment of 300 orphans from Williamsburg and Cresson institutions who were tendered a theatre party under the sponsorship of the Lodge. The youngsters, of all ages, were

brought to the city by a caravan of 60 automobiles.

One hundred members of the Lodge were ushers for the theatre performance, presenting the children with treats of lollipops, fruit and confections. The members also assisted in safeguarding the children as they filed from the theatre to the waiting cars for the return trip to the orphanages.

"Greater Boston" Lodges Start Tenth Annual Tourney

The "Greater Boston" Elks Tournament commenced its tenth annual season with a "bang." The teams playing in the Tournament are from the Massachusetts Lodges of Cambridge, Melrose, Medford, Brookline, Wakefield, Everett, Somerville and Boston, and the games being played are bridge, cribbage, billiards, bowling and "45." Each team numbers 21 men.

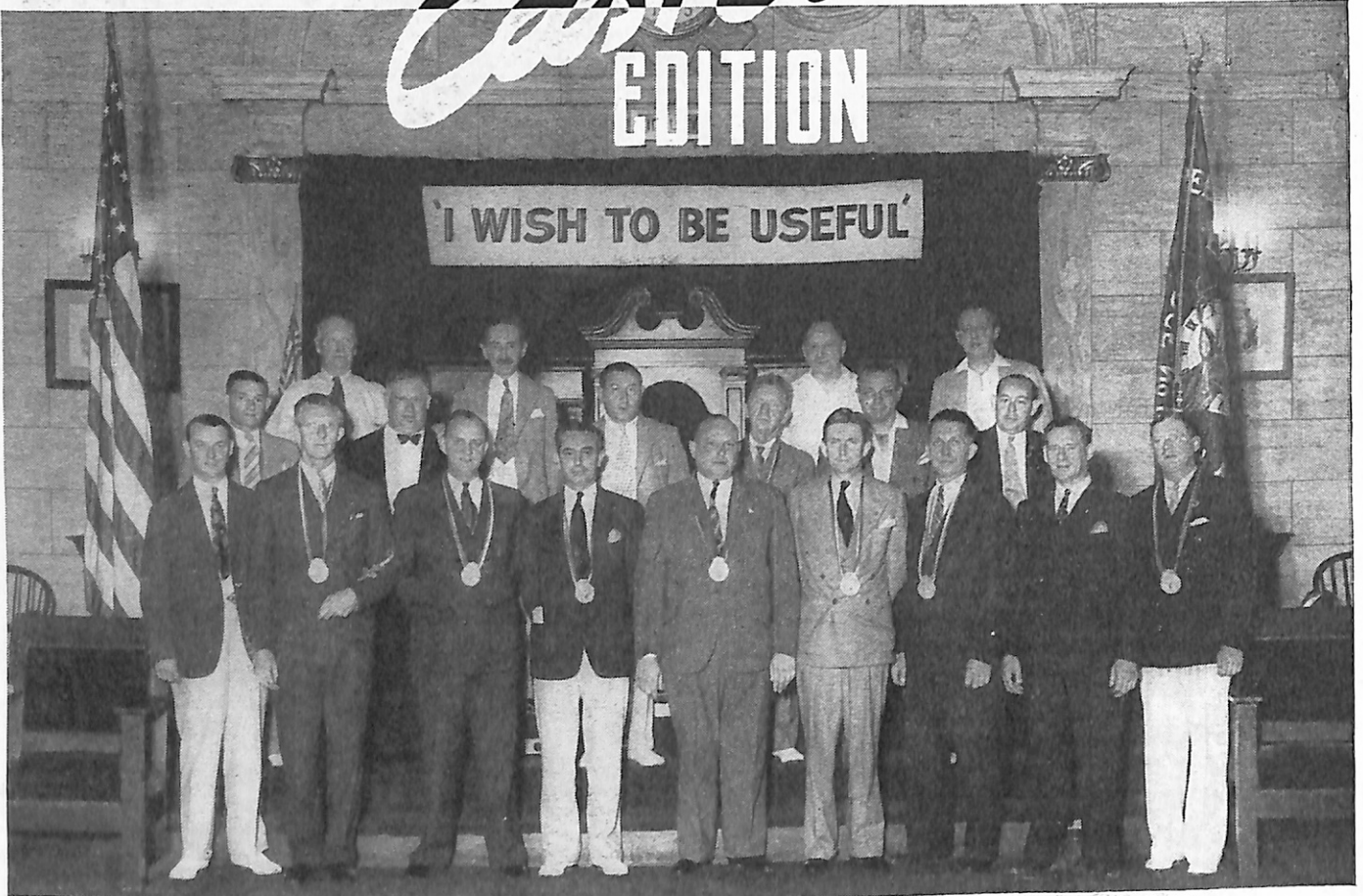
Prizes are awarded at the end of the season when a banquet is held. Intense interest is aroused by the Tournament and a keen but friendly rivalry exists among the Lodges.

Forty-First Birthday Celebrated by New Brunswick, N. J., Lodge

At the 41st Anniversary Banquet of New Brunswick, N. J., Lodge, No. 324, communism was execrated in a strongly worded speech by the Rev. William A. Gilfillan, of Phillipsburg. The banquet was the most successful held by the local Elks in the last ten years, and gave convincing evidence that members are taking a heightened interest in Lodge affairs.

(Continued on page 54)

Eastern EDITION



Exalted Ruler H. Alfred Vollmer of Freeport, N. Y., Lodge and his corps of officers who have adopted as their slogan, "I wish to be useful."

Death of Henry Kohl Shocks New York State Elks

The death of P.D.D. Henry Kohl brought the deepest sorrow to Newburgh, N. Y., Lodge, No. 247. Mr. Kohl, who was for many years one of the county's most distinguished attorneys, died at his home on October 10, 1936.

Initiated into Newburgh Lodge on July 15, 1909, Mr. Kohl rose to be Exalted Ruler on April 1, 1915. He took the office of District Deputy in 1921 and at the time of his homecoming visit was made the first Honorary Life Member of Newburgh Lodge. In 1918 Mr. Kohl was elected Trustee of Newburgh Lodge and held this office till the time of his death.

Special services were held in the Lodge Home on November 5, at which time Past Grand Exalted Ruler James T. Hallinan was present, giving a touching address concerning his friend, Mr. Kohl. It was Judge Hallinan's suggestion that Newburgh Lodge hold a "Henry Kohl Night" the first meeting night in October of each year. The suggestion was adopted by Newburgh Lodge. The religious funeral services were held at Mr. Kohl's home

with the Rev. M. Seymour Purdy officiating. Interment took place in Cedar Hill Cemetery.

Clifton, N. J., Lodge Institutes Lodge of Antlers

At impressive ceremonies held November 30 at the Home of Clifton, N. J., Lodge, No. 1569, a junior branch of the Order, Clifton Lodge of Antlers, was formally instituted.

E.R. James A. Drear acted as Installing Antler, while P.E.R. Louis Konig acted as Installing Guide. Officers installed into the new Antler Lodge were Michael N. Corradino, Exalted Antler; John Kerler, Leading Antler; John K. Hughes, Loyal Antler; Andrew B. Chambers, Lecturing Antler; Kenneth Firsch, Recording Antler, and Harold E. Coyle, Treasurer. As his first official act Exalted Antler Corradino appointed

the following: Ernest Hubinger, Guide; Raymond Schockner, Guard; Arthur Kretschmar, Chaplain, and William E. Browne, Jr., Sentinel.

Speakers for the occasion were State Senator Walter H. Gardner, former Councilman John Liddell, Professor George J. Smith, Superintendent of Schools, and Mr. Corradino.

Refreshments were served and music was furnished by the Lodge at a social session which followed the meeting.

Brooklyn, N. Y., Elks Mourn P.E.R. James T. Brady

James T. Brady, P.E.R. of Brooklyn, N. Y., Lodge, No. 22, died at his home recently. Mr. Brady was active in politics and early in life manifested an interest in civic and fraternal affairs. He was for some years preceding his death engaged in real estate and insurance. As one of the most popular and most deeply respected members of Brooklyn Lodge he went through the chairs of office and became Exalted Ruler in 1924.

Funeral services were held for P.E.R. Brady in the Church of

**This Section Contains
Additional News of
Eastern Lodges**

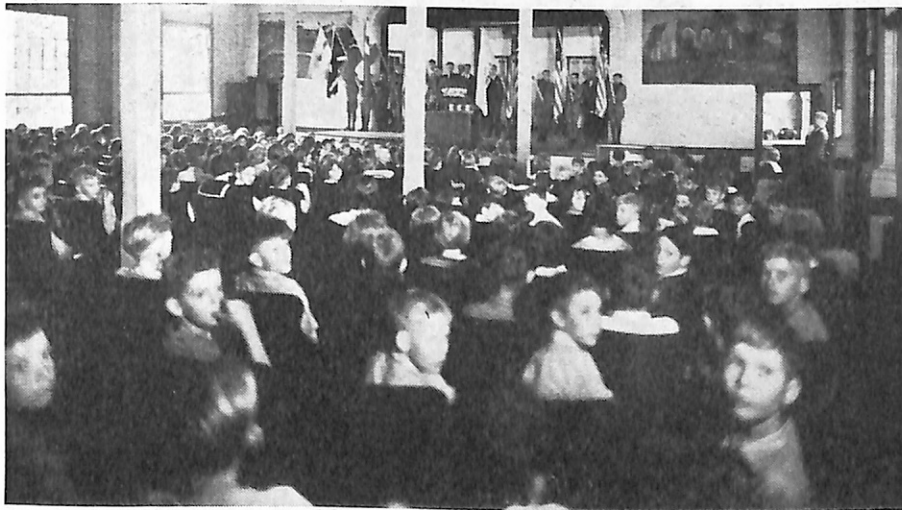
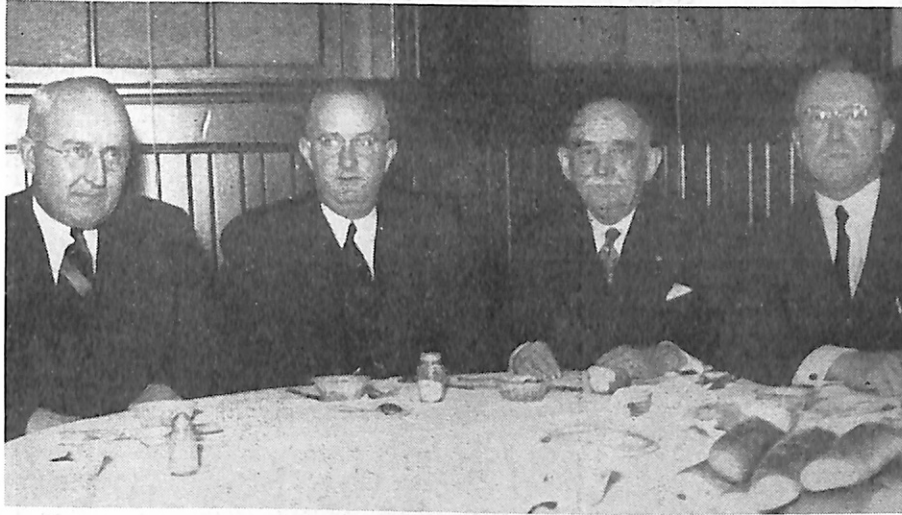
St. Thomas Aquinas. Burial followed in Holy Cross Cemetery. Elks services were held at the Lodge Home on the previous evening. E.R. Anthony J. De Lisio headed the delegation of Elks and conducted the rites. He and Mr. Brady were friends for many years.

Fla. State Elks Assn. Officers Meet at Orlando with E.R.'s and Secy.'s

E.R. Frank B. Corboy made the welcoming speech at the meeting of the officers of the Florida State Elks Association and Exalted Rulers and Secretaries of Florida Lodges held

Right: Opening of Membership Campaign for the James T. Hallinan Class of Atlanta, Ga., Lodge, of which Luke Appling, famous baseball player, extreme left, is Chairman

Old Timers of Springfield, Mass., Lodge at a dinner in honor of Charles T. Shean, third from left



A picture taken of a Flag Day ceremonial held by New Smyrna, Fla., Lodge, for school children at a local school

on November 1 in the Home of Orlando Lodge, No. 1079. The Exalted Ruler then turned the meeting over to State Pres. J. J. Fernandez. Mr. Fernandez gave a short talk and then called upon Caspian Hale, of New Smyrna Lodge, Chairman of the Grand Lodge Activities Committee, who in turn introduced Past State Pres. J. L. Reed, Sr., of Tampa Lodge. D.D.'s M. Frank O'Brien, Jacksonville, W. A. Wall, West Palm Beach, and W. M. Carter, Lakeland, and P.D.D.'s L. L. Anderson, Cocoa, Alto Adams, Fort Pierce, and M. O. Overstreet, Orlando, were also introduced. Mr. Hale outlined the pro-

gram of the Grand Lodge Activities Committee and called upon the subordinate Lodges to take note of its schedule and follow it as closely as possible. Grand Exalted Ruler David Sholtz was present. He spoke of his recent trip through various States and of the work the Lodges were accomplishing in tuberculosis work, and congratulated the Florida Elks on its new tuberculosis hospital building. Many important State Association matters were discussed and valuable suggestions for future action were contained in the various speeches.

Short reports of their Lodges were

made by E.R.'s C. E. Adams, Arcadia, C. I. Needham, Bradenton, R. E. Padgett, Clearwater, M. R. Buckalew, Cocoa, H. B. Frederick, Daytona Beach, George L. Hindery, DeLand, Ralph Rubin, Fort Pierce, Cecil M. Lowe, Jacksonville, Allen L. Smith, New Smyrna, Frank Corboy, Orlando, V. O. Wehle, St. Petersburg, Fred F. Dorner, Sanford, J. O. Bowen, West Palm Beach and J. J. Murphy, Sarasota. Others who reported were P.D.D. A. C. Altwater for Sebring Lodge; Secy. M. B. Kelly, Fernandina; P.E.R. J. R. Jinks, Tallahassee, and Chaplain Edgar L. Keuling, Miami. The District Deputies also spoke. A luncheon was served in the Home at the conclusion of the meeting.

The officers of the State Association who were elected at the annual convention held at Tampa last April, are as follows: Pres., J. J. Fernandez, Tampa; 1st Vice-Pres., Alto Adams, Fort Pierce; 2nd Vice-Pres., Claude Johnson, Tallahassee; 3rd Vice-Pres., Fred M. Lowdermilk, Fort Myers; 4th Vice-Pres., R. L. Bohon, Jacksonville; 5th Vice-Pres., James W. Hooper, Cocoa; Secy.-Treas., I. Walter Hawkins, DeLand; Tiler, Herman Schrag, Daytona Beach. D.D. M. Frank O'Brien and P.D.D. A. C. Altwater are members of the Executive Committee. Peter Gessner, DeLand, is Sergeant-at-Arms, the Rev. L. J. Flynn, Arcadia, is Chaplain, and A. M. Taylor, St. Augustine, is the Association's Historian. West Palm Beach will be the Convention City for 1937.

Northeastern New York Elks Hold Regional Conference

A class of 57 new members from twelve cities was inducted into the Order at the annual regional conference of the Northeastern New York State Elks, held recently at the Home of Schenectady, N. Y. Lodge, No. 480.

The meeting was attended by 500 members of the Order including many dignitaries. Following the initiation ceremony a dinner and entertainment were held in the dining room. Charles Spencer Hart, former Chairman of the Grand Lodge Activities Committee, was the



principal speaker of the evening. Other speakers were Dr. J. Edward Gallico, of Troy, Past Pres. of the New York State Elks Assn., and A. P. Irving, of the Glens Falls Post-Star. Lodges initiating members at the regional conference were Schenectady, Hudson, Whitehall, Troy, Glens Falls, Ticonderoga, Amsterdam, Mechanicville, Cohoes, Gloversville, Saratoga and Water-vliet.

Among the distinguished members present in addition to Mr. Hart and Dr. Gallico were D.D. M. J. Degnan, State Pres. Dr. Leo W. Roohan and State Vice-Pres. Frank Fowler.

West Virginia State Elks Association Holds Convention

The West Virginia State Elks Association held its 28th annual Convention at Charleston, W. Va., Lodge, No. 202, on September 13, 14 and 15. Dr. R. K. Buford, P.E.R. of Charleston Lodge, was elected President succeeding Dr. M. H. Porterfield, of Martinsburg. Other officers elected are: Harry R. Cronin, of Fairmont, 1st Vice-Pres., and Charles V. Sullivan, of Martinsburg, 2nd Vice-Pres. of the Northern District; Harvey M. Kilgore, of Beckley, 1st Vice-Pres., and H. Bert Smith, of Bluefield, 2nd Vice-Pres. of the Southern District; Walter B. Wilson, of Clarksburg, Secy. (re-elected); Donald P. Fleming, of Parkersburg, Treas., and Arch F. Dawson, of Morgantown, Trustee.

Fairmont, W. Va., was chosen for the next annual Convention.

Charleston Lodge put on a fine program of entertainment which included a boxing bout, golf, Dutch lunches, floor shows, and, as a climax, the Elks' Ball, which was held on the closing night.

Haverstraw, N. Y., Lodge Holds Housewarming

The Housewarming, held on October 28, by Haverstraw, N.Y., Lodge, No. 877, brought to the Lodge Home many prominent visiting Elks and was a great occasion for the members. Past Grand Exalted Ruler James T. Hallinan headed a delegation of Past Exalted Rulers from his



Lodge, Queens Borough, N. Y., No. 878. Judge Hallinan delivered the address of the evening. Fifteen Past Exalted Rulers of Haverstraw Lodge were present including Michael McCabe, a charter member. Also in attendance were D.D. Myron C. Altling, of Port Jervis, N. Y., Lodge, P.D.D. Clarence J. Seaton, Haverstraw, Pres. of the P.E.R.'s Assn. of the E. Cent. District, and a representation of all the other Lodges in the District.

The Lodge recently purchased the residence of Robert Fowler in Haverstraw, long famous as a show place. It is now perfectly equipped as a Lodge Home.

Daytona Beach, Fla., Elks Celebrate Anniversary of Home Dedication

With 14 of the 23 Past Exalted Rulers present Daytona Beach, Fla., Lodge, No. 1141, celebrated the 25th anniversary of the dedication of its Home, honoring those who were members of the Lodge a quarter of a century ago.

A banquet was served, during which talks were made. P.E.R. T. E. Fitzgerald presided as toastmaster and called upon many other P.E.R.'s

and old timers for brief talks. E.R. H. B. Frederick also spoke.

New York State Elks Association Will Award Five Scholarships

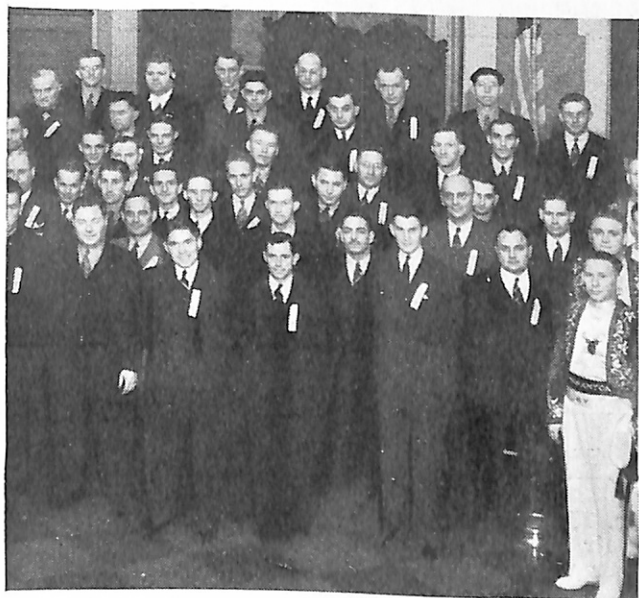
Through the generosity of the Elks National Foundation Trustees the Scholarship Committee of the New York State Elks Association will this year be able to award five scholarships of \$300 each. The Scholarship Committee expects to have sent circulars to the Lodges of the State by the time this notice appears. A copy of the rules and regulations governing the awards, as well as a copy of the application blank for such a scholarship, can be secured by writing to Frank R. Wasung, Chairman of the Scholarship Committee of the New York State Elks Association, P. O. Box 108, Norwich, N. Y.

Bath, Me., Lodge Entertains Football Players

The entire football squad of Morse High School, in Bath, Maine, along with coaches, managers and cheer leaders, were banqueted and entertained by Bath Lodge, No. 934, at its attractive Home recently. A full-course dinner was served in the



Left: Elks of Washington, D.C., Lodge and their ladies about to board a steamer for Annapolis, Md., where the Tri-State Elks Assn. Convention was held



Left: Candidates comprising the James T. Hallinan class which was initiated into the Order at Binghamton, N. Y., Lodge at a meeting of the South Central District of N. Y. Lodges

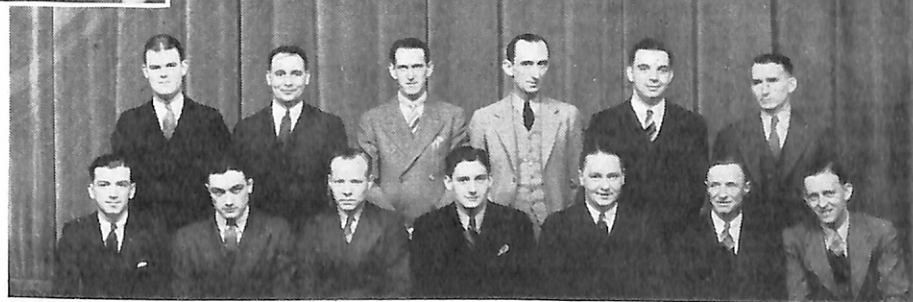
Below: A representative group of young men who recently joined State College, Pa., Lodge as members of the James T. Hallinan Class

Dutch room, after which the group adjourned to the Lodge room where the entertainment got under way.

Many short speeches were delivered and moving pictures were shown of football games in which the Bowdoin State Championship Team participated. At the conclusion of the films the boys adjourned to the pool, billiard and reading rooms where they enjoyed themselves for the remainder of the evening. Many gathered around the piano to sing school and college songs.

Franklin, N. H., Lodge Loses P.E.R. Michael J. Nevins

Franklin, N. H., Lodge, No. 1280, has suffered a severe loss in the death of P.E.R. Michael J. Nevins, which occurred on September 30. Mr. Nevins is missed not only by his fellow members, but by Elks throughout the State. He was a frequent visitor at the Conventions of the New Hampshire State Elks Assn. He had been an Elk since 1912, served as District Deputy for New Hampshire in 1934-35, and had worked hard and successfully in practically every enterprise undertaken by Franklin Lodge.



Mr. Nevins was born in Jersey City, N. J., but had lived in Franklin since he was four years old. During his long residence there he was prominently identified with business and civic as well as fraternal life. He was Mayor of Franklin for two years. He was serving in that capacity when the Franklin Free Library was completed and had been a member of the Building Committee during its construction.

A fluent and ready speaker, Mr. Nevins was frequently called upon to address various organizations. His presence was always an asset at Elk gatherings. The Order was largely represented at the funeral services which were held in St. Paul's Church in Franklin.

New York Elks Mourn P.D.D. James H. Moran

The recent death of P.D.D. James Henry Moran, a prominent member of New Rochelle, N. Y., Lodge, No. 756, brought sorrow to his fellow members. Mr. Moran was 48 years old. He was identified with New Rochelle Lodge for a quarter of a century, was a Past Exalted Ruler, and was active on many committees of the New York State Elks Association.

Mr. Moran served as Park Commissioner of New Rochelle, and was a veteran of the World War. He was also a member of several other fraternal organizations. He was employed for many years with the New York, New Haven and Hartford Railroad. Many prominent New York State Elks were present at the Elks funeral services.

State College, Pa., Lodge Honors D.D. Burns

State College, Pa., Lodge, No. 1600, held an evening called "District Deputy Night" recently in honor of D.D. Burt S. Burns, of Reynoldsville, Pa., Lodge, No. 519. Speakers of the evening were Mr. Burns; S. A. Marthouse, Trustee of the Pennsylvania State Elks Assn.; E.R. Albert P. Morris, of State College Lodge; E.R. Paul Long, of Tyrone Lodge, and P.E.R. George L. Giesler, of Reynoldsville Lodge.

After the meeting the guests were treated to a supper by the House

Committee. A James T. Hallinan Class of 13 candidates was initiated into the Order, the ritualistic work being performed by the crack Degree Team of Reynoldsville Lodge.

D.D. Wood Pays Visit to Hampton, Va., Elks

At a meeting of Hampton, Va., Lodge, No. 366, which featured the initiation of seven candidates, Wiley W. Wood, D.D., for Va., East, was present to bring a message from the Grand Exalted Ruler. Mr. Wood, who is a member of Norfolk Lodge, No. 38, brought a large delegation of visitors with him to the meeting which was attended by members of Portsmouth, Newport News and Suffolk Lodges.

Visits of the Grand Exalted Ruler



Grand Exalted Ruler Sholtz cutting a ribbon to open formally Elks—Brox Park at Port Jervis on the occasion of his official visit to Port Jervis, N. Y., Lodge

TWO Kentucky Lodges in Boyd County—Ashland, No. 350, and Catlettsburg, No. 942, joined in honoring Grand Exalted Ruler David Sholtz on October 15. These Lodges are located in that section of the State where Kentucky, Ohio and West Virginia join. A large reception committee met Gov. Sholtz on his arrival, and a reception committee from Ironton, O., Lodge, No. 177, escorted him to Ironton. There he visited the Lodge and later in the afternoon receptions were held for him both at Ashland and Catlettsburg.

At 6:00 P. M. a banquet was held in honor of Gov. Sholtz at the Henry Clay Hotel in Ashland, with a large attendance from both Kentucky Lodges. At 7:30 a joint meeting was held at the Clyffside Casino and a large class initiated, the Degree Team and chair officers of Huntington, W. Va., Lodge, No. 313, officiating. Approximately 700 Elks from Lodges in the tri-State territory were present. At the close of the Lodge session the families and friends of the Elks were admitted. The Grand Exalted Ruler delivered one of his finest talks which was broadcast over Station WCMI in Ashland. Open House was held later at Ashland and at Catlettsburg for visiting Elks and their friends.

On October 28 the Grand Exalted Ruler dedicated the new Home of

Arcadia, Fla., Lodge, No. 1524, and gave an inspiring open-air address to the school children for whom a half-holiday had been declared. A parade was held and the entire city joined with the Lodge in celebrating the event. Gov. Sholtz presided at the initiation which took place during the Lodge meeting.

Gov. Sholtz was the guest of honor at a meeting of the officers of the Florida State Elks Association and the Exalted Rulers and Secretaries of Florida Lodges held on November 1 in the Home of Orlando Lodge, No. 1079. He made a fine talk, describing his visits among the Lodges in other States and calling attention to the upward trend of the Lodges in the State of Florida. Twenty-three Lodges were represented. Caspian Hale, of New Smyrna Lodge, Chairman of the Grand Lodge Activities Committee, was one of the principal speakers. A luncheon was served at the conclusion of the meeting.

The visit of Gov. Sholtz to Port Jervis, N. Y., Lodge, No. 645, was in the nature of a homecoming, as he lived for a number of years on his father's farm on the High Point Road. E.R. Louis Cohen met the Grand Exalted Ruler at the Hotel Astor in New York City, and on Monday, November 9, a number of Port Jervis Elks and public officials journeyed in three cars to New York to escort him to the Lodge. The

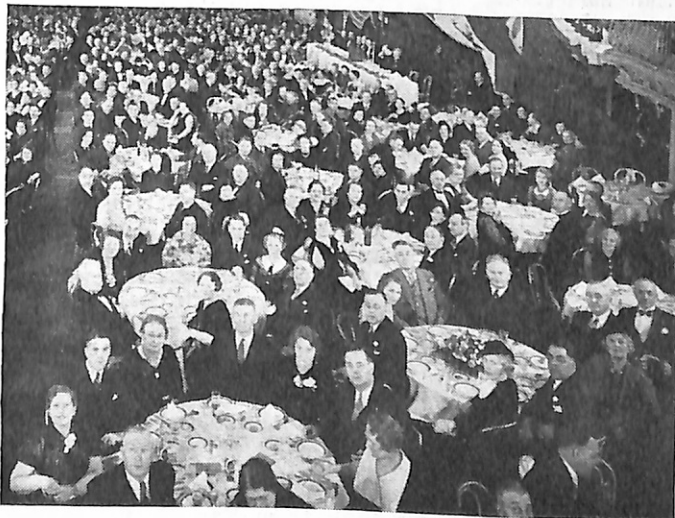


party included P.E.R.'s Myron C. Alting, D.D. for New York, E. Cent., William A. Clancy, Robert F. Bolland, and J. Lewis Browne; Willis Quackenbush, Howard Case, Mayor Wendell E. Phillips, and Raymond Ellwanger, who represented the Common Council. In Gov. Sholtz's party were his father, Col. Michael Sholtz of West Palm Beach, Fla., Grand Secretary J. Edgar Masters of Chicago, Caspian Hale and J. J. Fernandez of Tampa, Pres. of the Fla. State Elks Assn.

The trip to Port Jervis was made with a motorcycle escort, the party being joined on the way by members of Troop K. of the New York State Police. The procession paused at the entrance of Elks-Brox Park where the Grand Exalted Ruler cut a ribbon, officially opening the new entrance to the Park. The banquet in his honor was held at the Flo-Jean at 6:30. Mayor Phillips introduced the Grand Exalted Ruler who expressed his pleasure at being "welcomed home" in a speech that was warmly applauded. Among the many prominent Elks present were State Vice-Pres. Arthur L. Johnson, Haverstraw; the Rev. Walter Hoffman, Haverstraw, State Chaplain; William F. Edelmuth, Kingston, State Trustee; Thomas V. Reagan, Nutley, D.D. for New Jersey, N.W.; P.D.D.'s

Clarence J. Seaton, Haverstraw, Walter T. Hawkins, Middletown; Charles J. Mullen, Kingston; Robert S. Kelly, Newburgh, and Thomas F. Cuite, Brooklyn, and many Exalted Rulers, officers and members of Liberty, Haverstraw, Kingston, Newburgh, Catskill, Monticello, Brooklyn and Middletown, N. Y., East Stroudsburg and Charleroi, Pa., and Newton and Nutley, N. J., Lodges. After the banquet more than 350

Elks convened in the beautiful Lodge room of the Home where the session was opened by E.R. Cohen, and the visiting dignitaries were officially received. The James T. Hallinan Class was then initiated. At this meeting the Rev. Charles H. Kues was presented by P.E.R. Alvin E. Chase with a copy of a resolution granting him an Honorary Life Membership as a token of appreciation for his 13 years of valuable ser-



Above: Those who were present at the presentation of a Studebaker Sedan to Grand Exalted Ruler David Sholtz on behalf of the Florida State Elks Association during his visit to Orlando, Fla., Lodge

vice as Chaplain of Port Jervis Lodge. The Grand Exalted Ruler's speech was highly appropriate to the occasion, and his father, Col. Sholtz, was introduced and heartily cheered. On behalf of the Elks William A. Parshall presented Gov. Sholtz with a handsome traveling bag. The Eleven O'Clock Toast was given by P.E.R. Vincent Hauber. A reception and social session followed the meeting.

November 10 was a red-letter day for Queens Borough, N. Y., Lodge, No. 878, when the Grand Exalted Ruler paid his official visit and presided at the James T. Hallinan Class Initiation. A delegation of Past Exalted Rulers of the Lodge, headed by Past Grand Exalted Ruler James T. Hallinan; Supreme Court Justices of the District; the Hon. James Sheridan, leader of the Democratic Party, and the Hon. Warren Ashmeade, leader of the Republican Party, met Gov. Sholtz at the Hotel Astor in New York City. Under direction of New York Police he was escorted to the Lodge Home in a procession of 300 automobiles. American flags waved and red fire torches illuminated the parade.

More than 2,000 members gave the Grand Exalted Ruler an enthusiastic welcome. The Lodge's Drill Team escorted him into the Lodge Room, and the Glee Club rendered a

(Continued on page 52)



Center, left: Participants at the banquet for Governor Sholtz given by Chicago, Ill., Lodge, No. 4

Left: A large group of Elks of Ashland, Ky., Lodge, who were present to receive Governor Sholtz on the occasion of his visit to their Lodge

Abalone Fields

(Continued from page 9)

worked even faster to get him in. They got his diving suit off as rapidly as possible. He was breathing with difficulty and he could not stand. They took him into the cabin, and Snort prepared some steaming hot towels and applied them to his chest and torso, and over his strained, blood-shot eyes.

How long he lay there he did not know. The dancing beams of sunlight had faded out to a velvety gray when he stretched himself warily. The pain of returning circulation had subsided, and while he still ached from the pressure it was a warm ache now, almost a luxurious ache.

"How do you feel now?" It was Snort's voice out of the shadows.

"Fine," said Gar.

"It's goin' to be a still night," observed Snort cheerfully. "I've gone over your extra suit, and it's all ready for you. I guess you can make it with the lamp. I bet you'll get him this time, Gar. The light ought to fetch him."

"Sure, I'll get him," groaned Gar.

IT was quite dark by the time Gar was dressed for his third dive. The unlighted submarine lamp was hung on his wrist, and also a piece of fresh abalone bait. He drifted slowly down, guiding himself by keeping his hand on the cable of the trap. He was in total solitude. The black water pressed against him with an icy chill. Far off glimmered the dots of light from the luminous fish of the intermediate waters who come up for night feeding. Sometimes these lights were a dull, continuous glow, again a sputter of sparks that flashed up and out again. Bio-luminescence is the phenomenon of all oceans and all depths, so that aside from the feeling that he had penetrated the black spaces of the night skies and was hanging suspended among the stars, Gar had no reason for alarm.

When he touched bottom by the side of the trap he turned on the one-thousand-watt submarine lamp with searchlight reflector that he carried. Although powerful enough above, down here the beam was dulled and diffused and gave a visibility of only a few feet. The trap was full of small fish and the abalone bait had been eaten off. A wave of his arm cleared out the fish, and he put in the fresh bait. Then he waited.

It is said that Venus is a world all seas where fishes reign supreme, but a man rocketed to Venus would see no more than Gar was seeing ten fathoms down off the Point Sur Rock. For at night all fish begin to swim upward with the drift of



plankton, and the surface waters are thronged with this migration from the deeper levels. Gar found the world narrowed down to one single beam of light in the depths of the ocean. The sweep of the tide bent a frond of kelp around him, and there he stood and watched a strange procession of fishes that sometimes paused and edged closer to the light, but eventually rose into the blackness above.

And then suddenly the water was cleared of all life. Gar's heart began to pound. He knew what this absence of fish indicated. He had seen it happen twice that day—the retreat of all creatures before the wanderer from the abyss. He wondered if it might be the same one or another even more fearful. For the majority of fish possess an air bladder filled with gas which can be compressed or expanded at will, thereby enabling them to withstand varying degrees of water pressure, a facility which sometimes brings them into far unaccustomed waters.

He opened his control valve and also his outlet valve to let a fresh rush of air through. He was breathing rapidly, and his hand trembled as he unscrewed his knife from his belt. If the fish missed the trap and attacked him the conflict would undoubtedly smash the submarine lamp and the battle would take place in the pitch black depths of the water. For a second he doubted the experience and judgment of Snort who was tending him, and wished it was Ivan who was on the topside.

The fish swam slowly toward the light. There were the large, fixed eyes round as a dollar, with the black splotches back and above them, the wolfish teeth. Gar knew that in the underseas struggle for existence all fish have developed a cunning and intelligence that in many species is almost a reasoning power, and an awareness of danger might cause it to deflect from the opening of the

trap and make a direct attack upon him. For this he waited, ready to thrust upward with his knife. Seconds stretched out into years. The fish approached with what seemed to be the swiftness of a silver stream-lined train, and which was yet taking eternities to reach him. The suspense was unendurable. He felt he was about to faint, for however strong a man may be in his own element; underseas he becomes the weakest of all creatures. But as man's use of implements has made him the dominant animal on earth, so now underseas it served to save Gar from an enemy who was his superior in every respect except mechanical aids. The combination of the light and the delightful smell of the abalone meat was too much for it. It made a straight line for the light, and swam through the cone-shaped entrance into the trap. Gar brought down the solid door and snapped the bolt against it. He was finished. The job was done.

He had been down fifteen minutes. But it was the third dive that day, and he came in unable to stand, and violently nauseated. His eyes were rolled up in his head, and he was stiff with cold. Snort had the hot blankets ready, and the boys took care of him.

Weiss took possession of the fish and drove in with the truck, and Snort and Pete brought the diving boat back to Monterey. The following day Gar waited to hear from Weiss. Snort came over and waited with him, mooring his chair by the side of the telephone. A bottle on the table eased the hours of vigil. But both the day and the night passed without word of any kind. For the next two days Gar hunted for Weiss. The evening of the second day he found him smoking in the lobby of his hotel. He had just come back from San Francisco, he said.

"And that's just where I'm going," remarked Gar. "So if you'll pass over the five hundred—"

"Oh, yes." Weiss directed his attention to the lighting of a fresh cigarette. "Yes, the five hundred. There'll be a little delay about that, you know."

"Delay? Why?" Gar tried to keep the dismay out of his voice.

"I mean the matter has to go through a good many departments before it's approved. Red tape, you know. Requisitions and appropriations and all that sort of thing. May be a year or two before it's settled."

"A year or two?" cried Gar. "But you said you had it in your pocket."

"Lord, no. That was just a way of speaking. How long do you think

five hundred dollars would stay in a man's pockets in this town?"

Gar considered this for a moment. "It wouldn't stay in my pocket long," he admitted. "There's Pablo to be paid, and Pete must have his money, and Snort's got a third stake in the trip. I promised them all they'd be paid. It's going to be tough explaining. Where is the fish?"

"It's being taken care of," said Weiss easily. "Pablo is curing and stuffing it. We'll have it on exhibition in the Aquarium."

"But my five hundred—"

"We've already discussed that," Weiss yawned. "That's a Federal affair and will come up for consideration in the appropriate committees."

"A year—two years," repeated Gar. "I didn't know that. I'd of thought twice about a year."

Weiss' answer was another yawn.

Gar, perplexed and disappointed, stumbled out of the hotel into the street. The lights were shrouded in a thin mist. The low moan of the foghorn came like a dirge for lost ships that should not be forgotten. Down on the waterfront the cannery sheds glimmered with light, and the heavy stench from the reduction plants emphasized the fact that Monterey is a fishing town.

He found Snort had resumed his hopeful watch by the telephone.

"Well, did you see him?" asked Snort.

"Yes, I saw him." Gar made a gesture toward the bottle on the table, but when he saw it was empty his hand dropped to his side, and he sagged down into the nearest chair.

"Did you get the money?"

"No, I didn't. It's government money. It's something we got to wait for."

"Got to wait for? Why do we got to wait for it?"

"It's a requisition."

"A requisition for a fish!" Snort exploded into a series of those short, emphatic noises which had earned him his name. "Weiss told you that? After running

away from you for three days he thought that up?"

"Yes, Weiss told me."

"And you're going to wait, are you?"

"It looks like I'll have to. And so are you, Snort. It's a government thing. You're going to wait too."

"The hell I am." Snort picked up his cap from the floor, and placed it on his head. He spent several informative moments cursing Weiss and then asked, "Where's the fish now?"

"Down at Pablo's being stuffed. But that doesn't mean we can loot Pablo. Pablo's a friend of mine."

"It's every man for himself as I see it," declared Snort. "It's Weiss for Weiss, Pablo for Pablo and Snort for Snort."

"You're forgetting the government," reminded Gar. "You can't fool with the government."

"I'm forgetting nothing," said Snort. "And here's where I go out and get my money."

GAR heard nothing further from Snort until a week later, when he rang the diver up to suggest that they put in the next few days at Point Sur on abalones. Snort remarked that he had not seen Weiss, but that he had seen the fish at Pablo's, and that Pablo had shipped it that very day to the Aquarium in San Francisco.

"Then you didn't get the money?" asked Gar.

"No," said Snort. "We'll do what we can with abalones."

They found gray, foggy mornings and clear afternoons at Point Sur. Gar took the diving easily, working in comparatively shallow water. He was not bringing up much abalone, and spoke to Snort about moving further up to Point Lobos. But Snort wanted to stay where they were.

"I got a hunch somebody'll be lookin' for me here, and I want to be found," said Snort.

"Not the cops?" cried Gar. "You didn't monkey in that fish business, did you?"

"Look here," said Snort, "if I said it looked like settled weather would you want to know all about why I said that too?"

Gar laughed, and reached for a drink. "Okay," he said.

On the afternoon of the third day a motor launch pulled up beside the diving boat. Gar was lying on the deck in the sun, his head pillowed on a coil of rope, and Snort was sprawled out a few feet away from

him, apparently dozing. Gar wondered if this was Snort's expected visitor, and if it might not be a woman. He was about to kick Snort to attention when Weiss' face appeared over the gunwale. Gar started up in surprise. Weiss looked hollow-eyed and white, and instead of his customary smile his mouth was drawn back in a snarl.

"What's this ghastly joke you pulled off on me, Langard?" he shouted. "What are you hiding down here for?"

"Hiding?" growled Gar. "Do I look like I was hiding?" His fists doubled up instinctively.

"Where's my fish?" Weiss boarded the boat and his eyes searched it over, finally resting on the diver. "Are you crazy, Langard? Do you know what your rotten joke has done for me? When those men in San Francisco unpacked your imitation fish they fired me. After giving me promotion and a raise they fired me. By God I'll put you in San Quentin for this."

"Imitation fish?" ejaculated Gar. His foot shot out and he landed the contemplated kick to awaken Snort.

"Not too quick, Langard. I don't want a fight. And I'm not alone, remember. All I want is the fish, the real fish."

"Which you got ten days ago," said Gar.

"And which you stole back from Pablo, sending a painted and wired barracuda to the Aquarium in its stead."

"Stole's a dirty word, Weiss," interrupted Snort, fully awake and springing lightly to his feet. "And don't spill it to the diver here. He don't know what you're sayin'. You'd best talk to me, Weiss, for it was me brought the barracuda to Pablo, and says wire it and paint it so it looks like this other. And Pablo done a swell job. He made 'em into twins. I could scarce tell which was barracuda myself. And when they was both ready, the real fish and the fake fish, it was me changed the boxes and sent the fake fish to San Francisco, and put the real one where only five hundred dollars will fetch it out of hiding. You can fool my friend the deep sea diver, who is a little goofy on account of his occupation, and you can fool the old shell-fish Pablo, who knows everything except a crook when he sees one, but when you try to fool me, Weiss, you'd ought to think twice."

"Then it's you who have the fish?" cried Weiss.

"It's me." Snort, with a three days' red stubble on his chin, and his bare feet straddling a coil of rope, grinned impudently.

"It's blackmail," sputtered Weiss. "It's a hold-up. It's—"

"It's five hundred dollars or no fish," declared Snort.

Weiss' eyes traveled from Snort to Gar, and back to Snort again. He opened his mouth, but no words came, and he stared around him as

(Continued on page 48)



The Pied Piper of Hamelin, Inc.

(Continued from page 19)

weren't enough people in the store to crowd a newsstand. Well at least the top department would be jammed. Maybe he could work out an idea up there.

But the top department was not much different from the rest of the store. The counters were loaded with games and tops, miniature trains ran wildly around miniature tracks, lifelike dolls cried, took drinks of water and counterfeited real babies in other respects, tinsel hung in great festoons overhead; there was even a Santa Claus ready to give an attentive ear to the whispered lists of juvenile visitors. At the far end of the department screens shut off an improvised auditorium which had been equipped for a Punch and Judy show. It was deserted.

"We stopped giving the shows last week," the manager of the department told Bill. "Not enough children came. I guess youngsters have lost interest in Punch and Judy."

Something was lacking, some magic essence without which the whole thing was as dispirited as worn out elastic.

"I don't believe they even know it's Christmas," thought Bill. "Nobody seems really happy, even the kids. Well, let's have a look at the boss and get all the bad news in at once."

Certainly J. B. Hamelin, Sr., wasn't happy. When Bill faced him across his desk, after an hour of patient waiting, his face was like a thunder cloud. He interrupted at the end of the first few sentences.

"There's no use going on, Mr.—Mr.—"

"MURPHY," Bill supplied, helpfully.

"Mr. Murphy. No use at all. I've spent a lot of money on radio advertising and I'm through—understand—through."

"May I ask why, Mr. Hamelin?"

"No results, that's why. Everywhere you hear that business is good again, but look at my books, look at my store. Even the toy department, that ought to be so crowded you couldn't get off the elevators, looks like Main Street on Sunday afternoon—Radio program, bah! What I want is something that will get Hamelin's some business. What I want is—"

"One minute, Mr. Hamelin," Bill interrupted him soothingly. "I don't want to sell you an ordinary radio program. I want to sell you—"

"Don't talk about what you want



"You can't fool me, young fellow.
You haven't any such plan."

to sell me, young fellow. There's just one thing you could sell me, and that's results." Mr. Hamelin's face was slightly purple. "Results, do you hear? People in the store, sales on the books, money in the cash register, that's what I want. Show me those, and I'll talk to you about radio programs." He rose to terminate the interview.

"Mr. Hamelin, if I could show you a plan that would bring hundreds of customers into your store, that would jam your toy department, that would put the name of Hamelin into the mouth of every boy and girl in this town, what would you say?"

"I'd say 'Bah.' You can't fool me, young fellow. You haven't any such plan. . . ."

"But Mr. Hamelin, I have."

And all of a sudden he did have. It had come in a flash, logical, complete. It couldn't miss. It was perfect.

"Let me tell you—"

"Don't tell me. Show me. Make it work. Let me see what you can do. I've got a lot of young fellows like you in my store—talk-talk-talk. But when I say 'Show me'—Poof! Results. Those are what I want. Results."

"RESULTS are what you're going to get, Mr. Hamelin. Everybody in town talking about your store, and the place jammed from now until Christmas. If I do that for you, you buy my radio program. Is it a bargain?"

"Absolutely. But don't try to fool me, young man. And don't be coming in here wasting any more of my time till you have something definite to show me. I'm a busy man, and I've got enough on my mind—"

But Bill's eyes had suddenly lighted on the clock, and he was half way to the door. It was twenty-five minutes until curtain time, and he had his make-up to put on. The situation demanded a little sprinting.

Pop was in costume and pacing

the floor when he arrived.

"Where inarnation have you been?" he demanded. "Haven't I got enough worries without your disappearing and not showing up till thirty seconds of curtain time? Snap into it, son."

"I'll be all right," Bill assured him, busy with grease paint. "Pop, I've got an idea. I've got a swell idea. We'll fill his store so full of kids he'll have to put in rubber sides. We'll give him such crowds he'll need a traffic cop in every aisle. We'll give him a radio idea they'll try to cop from here to

'Frisco."

"Whose store—what kids? What the sam hill are you talking about?"

Bill executed a war dance, struggling into his coat as he circled the room.

"I'm talking about a show for one of the biggest department stores in the middle west," he shouted. "I tell you, it's a natural. It's stupendous—it's the biggest thing since P. T. Barnum brought Jenny Lind to Castle Garden. Let me be the first to congratulate you, Pop. You're a headliner for Hamelin, Inc."

He was half-way down the stairs, but his voice floated back, eager, triumphant. Pop looked after him in complete bewilderment.

"Hamelin, Hell. Never heard of 'em. Must be on a lousy small-time circuit."

LINCOLN SCHOOL was always dismissed promptly at three o'clock. The children were required to form in line, double file and march out in time to the music of a rather wheezy piano which Miss Munro, the principal, played in the lower hall. Though the sound of the music died as soon as the double doors were passed, they were forbidden to break ranks until the sidewalk in front of the school house had been reached, and even then there was a rule that pupils must keep moving and must not loiter about the building. So Miss Munro, looking out of the window on Friday afternoon, sometime after she had ceased playing the march, was astonished to see a large crowd of youngsters clustered about two men, one of whom was haranguing them with all the ardor of a soap box orator before election, while the other, in a most amazing tattered costume, stood by. As she watched he ceased talking and to her amazed ears floated the sound of what seemed to be a full orchestra playing with tremendous fervor Sousa's "Stars and Stripes Forever." Even as her own feet began to uncon-

sciously mark time the children fell into ranks, two by two, and with the tattered individual, a spry little man with his hands held over the lower part of his face (probably as a disguise, Miss Munro thought frantically), leading the way, they tramped gaily off down the street, cheering and shouting.

MISS MUNRO rushed to the window. "Come back," she shouted. "Come back. Bring those children back, do you hear." But her voice was drowned in the music and the cheering, and floated away on the wind, while around the corner vanished the last of the procession, a sturdy little figure whose half buttoned leather leggings made a valiant attempt to keep in rhythm with the others. The street was suddenly quiet and deserted. Only the place where the melting snow had been trampled as the children pushed one another in their eagerness to get near the stranger, only one bedraggled little brown mitten, left behind on the sidewalk, told her with mute eloquence that the scene which she had just witnessed was not sheer imagination. It had really happened. Lincoln School, en masse, had been kidnapped from under her very eyes.

Half a dozen teachers about to depart for the day, came running in response to Miss Munro's shrill scream.

"Call the police—call the police!" she was saying as she flew toward her office. "Police—police! The school's been kidnapped!"

The victims in the meantime were thoroughly enjoying themselves. At every corner their ranks were supplemented by juvenile bystanders who caught the spirit of the thing and immediately fell in. The promise "He's going to give us all harmonicas" spread from mouth to mouth, but even without that the temptation of Pop's music and the fascination of marching in a parade were more than a youthful spirit could resist. Down Main Street they swept, gaining recruits on every hand, following staunchly behind a banner in the hands of one Bobbie Redfield, president of Lincoln School, which bore in huge letters the words "Hamelin's Harmonicans." Traffic was halted at street corners, Christmas shoppers were pushed from the sidewalks, a dingy Santa Claus guarding a donation kettle stopped ringing his bell in sheer astonishment as the young army went by pausing for nothing until they had stormed the very portals of Hamelin, Inc. Here Pop, only slightly out of breath, hesitated briefly for instructions.

"DON'T stop, Pop, don't stop," Bill charged him. "Take them right through the store, and up to the toy department. Don't bother with elevators. Use the escalator."

J. B. Hamelin, Sr., busily engaged

in giving a large and explosive piece of his mind to his first floor manager, paused dumbfounded. Into the comparative quiet of his store surged an eager, laughing mob, but an orderly mob marching to the strains of the most exciting music Mr. Hamelin had ever heard. Apparently it came from the harmonica in the hands of the old chap who was leading them, but Mr. Hamelin had never heard a harmonica played like that before. It had all the volume of a pipe organ. The music seemed to fill the whole store. Shoppers crowded close to the counters as they passed, and then they too closed in behind them. The escalators going up were packed solidly.

Mr. Hamelin dashed into an elevator.

"Up," he said to the boy. "Up-up to the toy department. And hurry."

So this was the doing of that red-headed chap. Mr. Hamelin had been suspicious ever since morning when he had called to ask the manager of the toy department if he had 300 harmonicas in stock.

By the time Mr. Hamelin caught up with them, Hamelin's Harmonicans had filed somewhat turbulently through the toy department into the auditorium on the far side from which the Punch and Judy show had been removed. Settled in their places and released from the spell of Pop's music they were a little overwhelming as they bounced in their seats, and whistled and rose to wave excitedly to one another. All of the chairs were full, and there was an overflow, which spread out beyond the confines of the screens into the toy department and immediately gravitated toward the game counters. As Mr. Hamelin came up, Bill, his red hair electrically on end, was beseeching Pop. "Go on, please, Pop. Just one more tune, and then I'll talk to them."

Pop turned reluctantly stageward, and Bill whirled about to face the tremulous president of Hamelin, Inc.

"Well, Mr. Hamelin, you see I'm a man of my word. Here they are, just as I said—the department full of kids—"

He was interrupted by a heavy touch on his shoulder. Bill had never been under arrest before, but even before he looked up he recognized it as the arm of the law.

"Mebbe you'll be tellin' me the meanin' of this," a thick Irish voice said at his ear. "Sorry to have to come into your store this way, Mr.

Hamelin, but we just got a complaint that a red-headed feller answering to the description of this one had kidnapped entirely the Lincoln School."

Mr. Hamelin looked as though he were about to have a stroke of apoplexy. Things grew a little vague around Bill for a moment, too. Kidnapped. Pinched for kidnapping. That was something he hadn't counted on. Then his mind cleared suddenly.

"I plead guilty," he said. "I'll go quietly, officer. Mr. Hamelin, will you ask my partner to please just go ahead with the program as we planned it? He'll understand it. He'll have a picked band of Hamelin Harmonicans ready for you in no time. He's under contract to me to give lessons to those kids from now until Christmas. I think the best plan will be to form them into groups and let them compete and then we'll put the best one on our radio program. Later we can use them in the vaudeville act, too."

"RADIO program? What radio program? What vaudeville act?"

"The one you're buying from me, Mr. Hamelin. Don't you remember? The one you were going to take because everyone in town is going to be talking about Hamelins, and the toy department is going to be jammed from now until Christmas."

"Buying from you? I'll buy nothing from you. Bringing this mob into my store. Causing all this disturbance. And now, getting yourself arrested. All of this will be in the papers. It's awful. I'm disgraced. I'm ruined."

"Ruined nothing. You're made. Of course it will be in the papers. 'Hamelin's kidnaps the public schools'. Think of the free publicity. It's the biggest promotion stunt this town's ever seen, I'll bet. I knew it was going to be good, but I didn't know how good. I never dreamed the police department would cooperate. Come along, officer. I'm under arrest."

"Will you go his bail, Mr. Hamelin?"

"Go his bail? I should say not. Take him to jail and keep him there."

As Officer O'Flynn, bewilderment written on his face, turned to Mr. Hamelin there was a sudden din. Pop had confiscated the entire stock of harmonicas and distributed them to the audience and they were being given a thorough testing out. The result was deafening. Pop clapped his hands for order, and they heard his voice above the clatter.

"Now, boys and girls, I'm going to give you a sample of what you can do on a real harmonica, with a little effort. Then you take these little mouth organs home, and practice. Beginning tomorrow afternoon we are going to hold auditions, right here in the store, for Hamelin's Harmonica Bands. We are going to have a lot of them. Every boy and girl



The Pied Piper of Hamelin, Inc.

who qualifies gets a super-harmonica and a free lesson with the compliments of the store, and between Christmas and New Year's we are going to have a contest. The best band will go on the air as a feature of Hamelin's Radio Hour, and the boys and girls in it will be known as Hamelin's Harmonicans. I expect most of you would like to be on the radio, wouldn't you? Well, if you'll listen a minute I'll show you how it's done."

He raised the harmonica to his lips and the "Overture to Tannhauser" complete with sound effects, burst on the ears of the enthralled multitude. Pop was giving his utmost, and when Pop gave on the harmonica, it was something. Eyes wide, mouths agape, Lincoln School and what had come in with it sat spell bound, while about them beat great waves of sound, thrilling them, overwhelming them. It was marvelous. It was unbelievable. It was more exciting than the steam calliope on Circus Day.

As the music surged on, Officer O'Flynn raised a chapped red forefinger and pointed at Pop.

"Who is that?" he demanded. "And what's he wearin' that outlandish get-up for, anyhow? Who is that, I want to know."

Bill was grinning ecstatically.

"That?" he repeated. "Why, Officer, hadn't you heard? That—is the Pied Piper of Hamelin, Inc."

"IT'S not a bad jail," said Bill reflectively. "Not like the Ritz, of course, but not bad—not bad. Sorry to miss the show, of course. How did it go?"

"It was terrible. The unit's no good without you, Bill. We were all nearly frantic, because Pop couldn't get away to do anything about you till the show was over."

"I didn't mind," said Bill. "It's all for the sake of the unit."

The blondes murmured sympathetically, and continued to turn a wide and unappreciative gaze on Bill's cell, but Thelma's eyes flashed and her hair looked redder than usual.

"The idea," she exclaimed. "How dared they—how dared they! You didn't do anything wrong—they hadn't any right to arrest you. How *can* they keep you here like this—when you didn't do anything—"

"I kidnapped an entire school," said Bill proudly. "That was something."

"It wasn't anything wrong. Oh, Bill, how did you ever come to do such a crazy thing, anyhow? What a stupid mess—"

Bill straightened suddenly.

"Stupid mess? I guess you don't understand, Thelma. It wasn't a crazy thing to do. It was the best promotion stunt that's ever been pulled in this town, I'm certain. If old man Hamelin didn't realize it that's no fault of mine—"

Goldie interrupted with an excited squeak. "Cockroaches!" she said briefly and turned to flee, but they were locked in.

"They won't hurt you," Bill assured her. "Don't worry, Goldie. The cop will be back in a minute to let you out."

"But when are they going to let you out?" Thelma demanded.

"I don't know. But don't worry, Redhead. Maybe I did pull a boner—"

"They could—send you up—"

A sob shook her.

"Thelma—do you care—that much?"

"Here comes the cop now," announced Gertie.

But the cop wasn't alone. With him was Pop, beaming like mad, and waving his arms excitedly.

"Let him out," he was ordering. "Let him out this minute. It's an outrage—I tell you, an outrage." He could hardly wait till the door swung open. "You're free, Bill—free as the next one. I just put up your bail with my own hands. Come along out of this place."

"Hurray for Pop!" said Goldie. "How'd you manage it?"

"Where'd you get the money?" Bill demanded.

"Where'd you suppose? You know where I got it. Right from old man Hamelin himself."

"Hamelin. Then he isn't sore? I thought—when he let me go to jail—and then didn't do anything—"

"He was sore all right at first. He was sore plenty. Then his advertising manager found out what was

going on and began raving about what a marvelous stunt it was, and the kids were climbing all over the place, and people began calling up, and the newspapers came and took a flock of pictures—and after a while he began to see the light. . . ."

"Talk it over outside, will you?" said the cop. "I'm tired holdin' the door for you."

"I can go, can I?" asked Bill.

"Well, you don't look like no kidnapper to me, and, anyhow, one of our most influential citizens just went your bail. So I guess it's all right. If it ain't, I'll be seein' you in the court room, Sonny."

The blondes giggled and they all filed out, down the cold stone corridor, and down the steps. On the street outside they went into a huddle.

"ANYBODY eaten yet?" Pop demanded. "The wheat cakes down at Cooks ain't half bad." Then as Thelma hesitated, "And we can afford 'em, too. I'll tell you the details while we're eatin', but to put it roughly, Unit No. 6 is in the money again. We're doin' a show, folks, for Hamelin, Inc., a show that's going to feature the Pied Piper of Hamelin, and his Harmonicans. Get going, will you? I won't tell you anything more till I get my coffee."

The two littlest blondes went on ahead, Bill, walking jubilantly next with Thelma, looked down to see the tears sparkling on her lashes.

"Listen, Redhead," he said. "What's the matter? It's all over with now, —we've got a contract. Where's your spunk?" And then, suddenly—"Thelma—darling—don't—"

"I'll stop in a minute. I'm all right—truly. It was just seeing you in that terrible place—I couldn't have stood it another minute—"

"Honey—did you care that much—really?"

"Yes, I did. I cared terribly. Bill—do you suppose—could it be—that I'm in love with you?"

There were holly wreaths in every window and excitement in the air. Santa Claus, his bell ringing out cheerily, greeted them on the corner. Bill dropped a dollar into the kettle.

"More where that came from," he said. "Merry Christmas."

Thelma's hand tucked itself into the crook of his arm as they went gaily down the street toward Cook's. Pop, walking behind them with Goldie, played ever so faintly on his harmonica. Up ahead Gertie giggled.

"Listen to what Pop's playin'. It's Lohengrin."

"Lohengrin," Blondie said scornfully. "Don't kid me. That's the Wedding March."



Thelma

The White Faces of Infalusi

(Continued from page 13)

shrewdly. "Kambove, you mean?"

Collins nodded.

"Smart nigger," admitted Schultz. "I wish he work for me. I make him captao. But you pay him too much."

Collins laughed, and getting his bike, straddled it and plunged on the starter. With a wave and a shouted "Cheerio" he was off and on his way to the Boma. As he bounced along keeping a wary eye out for antbear holes and stumps and fallen branches, he turned the matter over in his mind. Two hundred cattle! That was a lot. Did not seem on the surface to be anything with which natives could be mixed. Natives would not dare to steal that many. That they killed one occasionally for food Collins knew. So did Schultz. But two hundred! Collins did not underestimate Schultz a bit. He was shrewd and patient and clever. He must be pretty stumped, Collins told himself, and later told the Commissioner when he reported, to have to confess to Mopani. The old man would have hated confessing that so many cattle had disappeared from under his care and that he did not know how or where. The thefts must have been going on for some time for Schultz would have tried hard and long to discover the truth before asking for help.

"THAT is all probably true," the Commissioner admitted, when Collins outlined the situation to him upon his return. "I agree that two hundred head seems too many for natives to handle. The most identifying mark about those cattle is their white faces. Isn't that so?"

"Yes. That and the brand, of course."

"Well," the Commissioner pursued his line of thought, "if that is so, what is to prevent a man getting rid of those marks?"

"You cannot get rid of a white face unless you kill the animal and chop off its head."

"Exactly," agreed the Commissioner. "If you killed the animal and threw its head and hide away there would be nothing by which the meat could be identified, would there?"

"No," Collins admitted, "there wouldn't. But who would kill two hundred head of cattle? There has been no large native funeral for a month or more. Anyway at funerals the natives make quite a ceremony



Sergeant Collins

of killing the cattle on the spot with spears. They would not dare to kill Mopani's cattle like that."

"I thought we had ruled out the question of natives being involved, Sergeant."

"WE did, but . . ."

"Suppose that someone had a method of disposing of a considerable quantity of meat. Meat which did not have to have either the head or the hide to identify it. Meat from which the hoofs and everything had been cut away."

Collins faced his superior squarely.

"If you mean by that, sir, that Michael Hart is stealing cattle from Schultz, killing them and then selling the meat to natives, I refuse to believe it. It is true that he is broke and having a hard time to carry on. You did not help the situation any," he burst out bitterly, "when you fined him this morning."

"That will be enough, Sergeant," the Commissioner interrupted. "I acted as I judged best and fair. We will not discuss it. But I would call to your attention as a police officer that Michael Hart is, as you say, 'broke'. That his ranch is the closest to Infalusi, that he sells meat to natives, and that reports have it that he is selling not only a great deal but at very cheap rates. I should look into it very closely."

"But I tell you that Michael is not that sort. I have known—"

The Commissioner cut in sharply, "Perhaps that is the trouble, Sergeant." He stood for a moment. "You will begin your investigations tomorrow, I presume. I shall have to

make a report on the matter."

With an effort Collins controlled his temper. He realized that his best course was to agree and to investigate. Michael could have nothing to fear.

"Yes, sir," he answered the Commissioner's question.

After his dinner Collins called for Kambove. To him he explained as much of the situation as was necessary and ordered him to be ready on the morrow to go out to the villages about the ranches belonging to Hart and Randall and to circulate, picking up any information which might bear even remotely upon the case which had come up.

Collins himself got away early the next morning. The Commissioner was not up when the Sergeant with a pack of his needs and belongings strapped to the carrier behind him, chugged out of the Boma and turned onto the road which led to Michael's farm.

Collins pulled up before the low brick farm house which Michael had built so many years before with bricks made from clay dug and fashioned and burnt on the farm. At the sound of the bike two tow-headed children raced around one corner of the house and swarmed upon the policeman. Laughing, Collins climbed off his bike, stood it under a fig tree and undoing his pack, walked towards the house where he could see Mary waiting to welcome him.

MARY HART greeted him with all her old friendliness, but somehow Collins caught a feeling that although she was glad to see him that she wished he had not come. Perhaps it was the tiniest bit of reluctance in her voice when she pressed him to stay the day and night.

"I had every intention of staying, Mary, if it won't be putting you out too much." Collins dug around in his pack. "Brought along a few things which I saw sitting on the shelf at the Boma."

"Oh, Jim, you shouldn't," protested Mary as Collins produced a can of asparagus, some sardines, a long roll of biscuits, a bottle of whiskey and a cheese.

"And why not, Mary? Heavens, woman, they have been sitting there for weeks. I never get a chance to eat them. Never home. So I thought I'd bring them along and eat them here."

"Yes, I know, Jim. But I'm sure that the shelf they were sitting on was in Mac's store and not your pantry. But you are a dear just the same."

Collins was embarrassed. "Where's Mike?"

For just a second Mary hesitated. She caught herself quickly but Collins noticed.

"Why, he's down at the store."

"Store?"

"The butcher shop."

"Of course. For a moment I thought that Mike had started a trading store."

"Oh, no. The meat business is bad enough."

Now why, thought Collins, as he walked toward the butcher shop, had Mary hesitated to tell him where Mike was? It wasn't like her. He swore at himself and at the Commissioner who had put such thoughts in his head that he could interpret suspiciously anything which Mary said.

The little brick house which Mike had built for his butchery came into view. He had it well away from the house so that the constant stream of natives would not pass by his home. Collins noted that Mike had screened the place in accordance with the law's demand although the screening made no difference. Hundreds of flies rode into the store on the back of every native. A dozen or more natives were squatting about the entrance, mostly women. Some had hunks of meat in their baskets, others had not yet made their purchases. They made a respectful way for the Sergeant as he strode up.

"Anybody home?" he called as he neared the door.

For a moment there was no answer. Then Michael's voice shouted back,

"Who is it? Sounds like you, Jim."

"You're right. Told you I'd be along. May I come in?"

"Certainly. But I wouldn't if I were you. Couldn't see you for the flies. Wait one sec and I'll be right out. Had enough anyway."

But Collins had already pulled open the screen door and was inside.

Mike was standing behind a rude counter on which lay piles of meat. There were joints and back strips and shanks and necks and over to one side strips of white fat, liver and heart and tongues. Collins pointed to them.

"The luxury department?"

"Get a bit more for that," admitted Mike. He had on a sort of apron made of flour sacks. It was red with blood and his hands were caked. Collins glanced about. But he could see nothing out of the way. Why should he, he asked himself? Mike had a perfect right to kill his own cattle and sell them for what he liked. It was his beef. And then his eyes went back to the meat. Beef? He stared at some of the joints. The meat looked very coarse. And there was not a sign of a hoof or a head

about. The hides, if there were any, Collins realized would be outside where Mike killed. But it was odd about the heads. Natives buy them avidly and it was not like Mike to overlook anything. But Mike was out of his apron and had him by the arm.

"Let's get out of here. The place makes me enough to keep us alive, but I hate it. Natives and raw meat and blood all day long."

As the two men walked back toward the house Collins looked at his friend. Mike looked tired. His eyes were even further back in his head than usual and his face was drawn and tight.

"Been going it pretty hard, old man?" asked Collins.

Mike nodded. "Sort of two jobs at once, Jim. The farm and the store. Just can't let one go because I have the other."

"How are things, Mike? Mary looks worried."

Mike shot him a startled glance. "Oh, you know, Jim. Tight. But we are coming out. Getting some cash at the store although we take quite a bit of stuff in trade. Monkey nuts and beans are the things now."

Collins laid his hand on Mike's arm.

"You and I have been pals a long time, Mike. I'm a bachelor, you know. Anything I can do?"

Mike grinned ruefully. "You're swell, Jim. But we are coming out. Another month and we will have a bit ahead. In spite of that damned fine. But thanks just the same."

"Any time," said Collins, and dropped the subject.

Mike lent Collins a rifle in the afternoon and the two men did a bit of hunting. Collins loved to hunt and get about the veld. He did not care particularly whether or not he shot anything and as there was plenty of meat about from the store there was no necessity.

As they tramped Collins and Mike talked. But although Collins brought the conversation around often to the movements of cattle, the price of meat, the chances of a farmer to make money out of cattle raising and killing, Mike was uncommunicative.

That night as he lay in bed thinking, Collins ran over everything which he had seen or heard. It wasn't much and he hated himself for trying to create evidence against his friends. But he had to, he told himself. If for no other reason than to prove the Commissioner's suspicions were wrong. First there had been Mary's hesitancy to tell him where Mike was. And the tiniest reluctance to welcome him. Was it possible, Collins asked himself, that there was something going on on Mike's farm which his old friends did not want him to see or know about? It was difficult to see how Mike could make money killing cattle and trading the meat to the natives for such produce as monkey nuts and beans. Collins knew that Mac would buy them at the big store

and ship them eventually to the mines for use as natives' rations. But on the surface it seemed folly to kill cattle to get cash in hand in such a roundabout way. But supposing that they were not Mike's cattle? Supposing that whatever Mike got in the way of returns represented profit?

As the Commissioner had pointed out, all the facts pointed to Mike except that no one could say how Mike was getting the cattle from Infalusi, granted that he really was doing so. He could get them down by the river, which separated the two ranches, shoot one, skin it, throw the hide and head into the water. The crocodiles would do the rest. But two hundred head! It was incredible that some rumor had not reached him or Kambove, if such wholesale killing was going on. Only a witchdoctor or a great chief could so frighten the natives that they would keep a secret.

For some time Collins lay turning over in his mind the names and characters of the various chiefs who had villages around Infalusi. He knew them all and there was not one who was not a rogue in one way or another. But equally there was not one who could hide any such number of whitefaced cattle as two hundred. Besides Infalusi there was only one other place where such cattle could be found in this particular district. That was the Mission station about four miles from Mike's farm. The Mission had bought some of Randall's cattle a few months before. But it was ridiculous to suspect the Mission of stealing. However, he would visit the Mission in the morning. Collins put the matter out of his mind and was suddenly asleep.

Mary and Michael were as friendly as ever the next morning at breakfast and seemed reluctant to have Collins leave. As his bike hummed along Collins puzzled the matter in his mind. At a Y in the trail he left the road towards the Boma and headed for Smith's Mission station. So long as he was in the district it would do no harm to drop in and have a talk with the Missionary.

It was a comfortable old place at which Collins stopped. A wide screened verandah ran around the house keeping the interior dark and cool. As Collins stopped, the door opened and Mathew greeted him.

"How do you do, sir? Mr. Smith is in the office."

"Thank you, Mathew," answered Collins. Brought up in the old school of Rhodesians Collins could only with difficulty reconcile himself to seeing natives dressed like white men and acting and talking like them. Invariably he distrusted such natives although not one that he had met had ever given him any cause for suspicions. And he knew that Mathew was Mr. Smith's right-hand man. He had been raised and trained on the station and now that Mr. Smith was nearing the age of retirement

(Continued on page 44)

Television Next

(Continued from page 15)

\$367,000,000 for 5,750,000 new radio sets and 73,000,000 tubes. Another \$150,000,000 went for batteries, electricity, and so on. Service repair men got nearly \$70,000,000. Advertisers paid \$86,000,000 for time on the air.

Since 1928 the Philco Company alone has produced and sold more than 7,000,000 receivers. About 22,500,000 American homes now have receiving sets. Three million homes have more than one set. Another 3,000,000 sets have been installed on automobiles. In all, this total of 28,500,000 sets represents more than two billion good American dollars that young John Forkover Public had proudly paid out for titillations of his tympanum.

You could hardly expect the big Radio Boys to start chopping down figures like these without having mighty definite assurance they'd have others just as good to take their place.

To date there have been no such assurances. Early television sets may cost quite a good deal. The evidence already in shows that the demand for sound sets will drop sharply as soon as the new look-and-listeners are put on the market—but millions of Americans may not have the price to pay for the new outfits, and millions of others may prefer to wait "until the price comes down." Somebody, undoubtedly, is going to have a chance to make a lot of money on new television sets—but it may not be the same fellows who are making it now. On the other hand, it might merely be substituting a new set of profits for an equally good one that already exists.

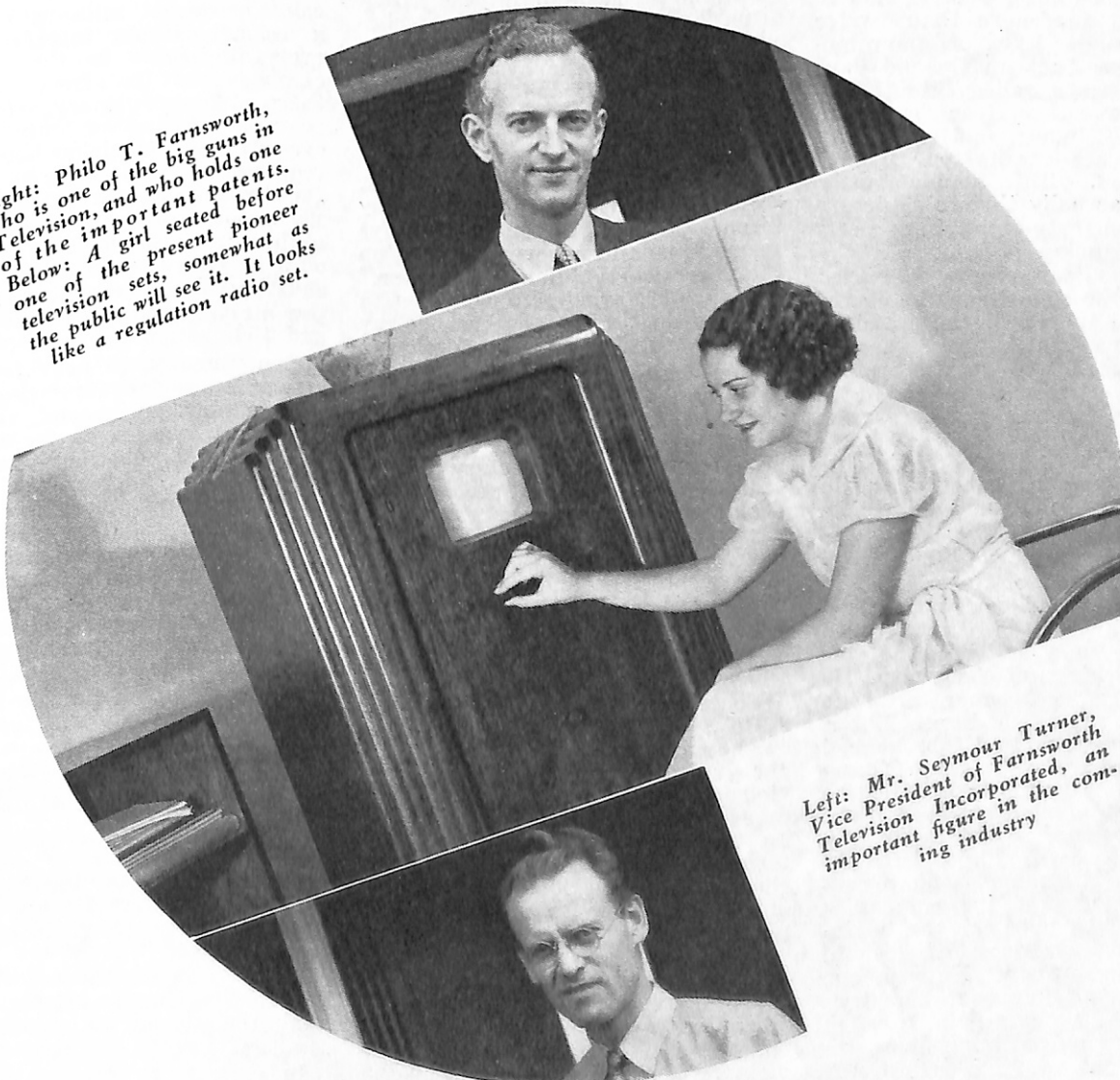
Next let's look at the Patents tangle.

Television at present is described as being "low definition" or "high definition." "Low definition" is the only kind the American public has had any chance to see yet—except

in a few experimental broadcasts or exhibitions like the one mentioned at Franklin Institute. The term will probably disappear altogether, and presently be forgotten. From now on all television will be "high definition." But the distinction between the two terms gives us a chance to understand something of the "how" of television.

From the very beginning (it surprises people to know that this year television can celebrate its thirtieth birthday) the transfer of a complete picture by electricity has been possible only through breaking down the entire image into an orderly network or checkerboard of tiny squares. By use of a photoelectric cell the amount of light seen or reflected from any one of these tiny squares can be turned into an electric signal that, with another photoelectric cell at the other end of the line, can be turned back into the right amount of light once more. To

Right: Philo T. Farnsworth, who is one of the big guns in Television, and who holds one of the important patents.
Below: A girl seated before one of the present pioneer television sets, somewhat as the public will see it. It looks like a regulation radio set.



Left: Mr. Seymour Turner, Vice President of Farnsworth Television Incorporated, an important figure in the coming industry

get an entire picture the whole network or checkerboard of little squares has to be telegraphed one after another, very rapidly, in orderly sequence, over and over again.

To light up the picture, one tiny square at a time, a process called "scanning" has been used. A tiny spot of light was made to travel across the picture, one row of squares at a time, then the next row, and the next, until the whole picture was "scanned." If there were thirty rows of squares into which the picture was divided, and thirty squares to a row, it meant a total of nine hundred separate squares, nine hundred separate signals, to scan the picture *once*. To make the image appear, in motion, even dimly and with a perceptible flicker, at the other end of the line, the process had to be repeated at least a dozen times a second. Nine hundred times twelve equals 10,800. More than 10,000 electric signals every second, and even that for a result hardly worth seeing, except that it was a miracle.

That sort of television is now called "low definition" because there were so few signals! There weren't enough squares, or lines of squares, in the checkerboard to make the picture clear. Also, to remove the flicker, the scanning process had to be repeated far more than twelve times a second. Even ordinary motion pictures, back in the old days when they were called "the Flickers," used to run sixteen frames to the second. Modern motion picture projection uses twenty-four frames to the second, with a double-shutter effect that actually throws a picture on the screen forty-eight times a second. That makes it smooth.

With television, they decreased the size of the squares in the checkerboard and increased the speed of the scanning until they reached what seemed to be an almost absolute mechanical limit—and still the pictures were as bad as a poor newspaper print.

That's where we get to the beginning of the Patents tangle in modern "high definition" television.

An Idaho high school boy—born in Utah, but moved to Idaho when he was twelve—got interested in television. He monkeyed with a Delco lighting system on a ranch until he began to know a little about the practical workings of electricity. He got his physics teacher at high school to work with him. Later, after moving back to Utah, he had a couple of years at Brigham Young University. After his father died he started a radio shop in Salt Lake City, and presently went broke. By that time he was almost twenty years old. His name is now connected with one of the companies that was mentioned near the beginning of this article: Farnsworth. Philo T. Farnsworth. He was one of the first, possibly even *the* first, to begin breaking down the barriers that presently moved television from "low definition" to "high definition."

He did it by scanning the image to be transmitted with a stream of electrons from a cathode-ray tube, instead of a point of light. Line by line, the stream of electrons traversed the image checkerboard at incredible speed. Electricity, manipulating both the electron stream and the image at utterly inconceivable speeds, replaced the mechanical scanners that had been holding television in the "low definition" category with only a few miserable thousand electrical signals per second.

With cathode-ray scanning an image checkerboard of 340 lines with 340 squares in each line (more than 100,000 squares to cover the picture) can be traversed as much as sixty times in a single second.

In round numbers, *seven million electric signals per second* can now be broadcast to build up a "high definition" television picture on the screen of a receiving set.

For practical results that excessive number is unnecessary. One hundred and eighty lines, repeated twenty-five or thirty times a second, gives as clear a picture as is needed. Say a paltry million signals per second.

If Farnsworth had been alone in developing this cathode-ray method of high-speed scanning the patent situation might have remained simple. But at the same time that he was perfecting the system, others were also working on it, beginning perhaps almost as soon as he did, perhaps a good deal later, perhaps even earlier. Presently R.C.A.'s great television scientist, Dr. V. K. Zworykin, developed the cathode-ray "iconoscope," which in some ways seems to be an improvement even on the Farnsworth "image dissector." For a while Farnsworth worked with Philco, and there a cathode-ray "camera tube" has been developed.

One detail after another, one improvement after another, has been worked out and patented. Various television research workers have moved from one laboratory to another. One improved process was decided on here, another there. As perfected television came nearer and nearer, one or two experimenters even went back and re-opened the mechanical-scanner puzzle books, and with various improvements now believe they can get results almost equal to cathode-ray scanning.

So today we have this situation: R.C.A., one of the biggest factors in the entire radio picture, is one of the greatest patent-holding corporations in existence, with large revenues derived from various licensees. In television, however, it by no means dominates the field, any more than anyone else does. So unless it can either come to a satisfactory agreement with other television patent holders like Farnsworth, or work out further new methods of its own that get around various details without infringement of other rights, it has no reason for hurrying into television. On the other hand, every-

body else feels very wary about entering the field *against* R.C.A., and precipitating a real television war.

You can see how difficult the thing may be to work out. Nobody to blame, but a sort of stalemate all around, with no definite solution as yet in sight.

Next, the financial problem.

Even supposing Philco, R.C.A., the present broadcasting networks, and all the other concerns profiting from radio as it is now, were willing to risk plunging immediately into television, and supposing the patent situation could be smoothed out amicably, an immense investment would be necessary before television broadcasting could be started on any country-wide basis. Some estimates of the amount necessary to wire or "cable" the country for television run to hundreds of millions of dollars.

That is because high-definition television cannot, with practicality, be broadcast over ordinary radio channels. Without getting too technical, it's enough to say that frequencies required for sending millions of signals a second necessitate too broad a channel to permit much of anything else going on at the same time anywhere near them. You can't broadcast millions of signals a second without interfering with everything else in the long-wave channels that is already going on there. Where ordinary broadcasting requires a band of only ten kilocycles or so, television broadcasting requires hundreds. To be uninterfered with, and to avoid interference with other radio activities, a single high-definition television broadcast, on a long-wave channel, would mean shutting almost everything else off the air between, say, 1,500 metres and 150 metres.

Consequently, to provide the necessary kilocycles for a million or more signals per second, and at the same time leave room for everybody else (including the long-wave broadcasters) to be doing what they want, television must depend on short-wave broadcasting, where there are as many different channels between 15 metres and 150 as there are between 150 and 1,500, as many between one metre and ten metres as there are between ten metres and a hundred.

But now listen: As you get down to these high-frequency, ultra-short waves, radio waves take on certain qualities that are similar to rays of light. That means a restriction of television broadcasting in this way: From a single broadcasting station it may be possible to cover only about as much territory as can be seen from a mountain-top, or from a tall building in a plain on a clear day.

A television broadcast from the top of the Empire State Building might be picked up only within a radius of twenty or thirty miles.

In order to experiment with tele-

vision broadcasts from New York and Philadelphia, R.C.A. is planning for a couple of relay stations to bridge even that 90-mile gap.

When it comes to broadcasting a program simultaneously from cities as far apart as New York and Chicago, or televising a campaign orator in a dozen or more states, wires, or rather cables, will probably have to be relied on. Ordinary telephone or telegraph wires won't do, either; they can't carry such high frequencies. A special type of wire or cable has been developed, consisting of a small wire or tube suspended in the center of a much larger one. This new type of cable, called coaxial, is expensive. Estimates place its two-way installation at \$6,000 a mile.

It is possible, of course, that the estimate of only a fifteen- to thirty-mile range for short-wave television broadcasting is too low. In the Peck Television broadcasting experiments already referred to, signals from a five-storey building in Montreal were picked up with little difficulty as much as 70 miles away.

It has been suggested that by hoisting aërials high into the air by means of captive balloons, television may be broadcast over comparatively large areas.

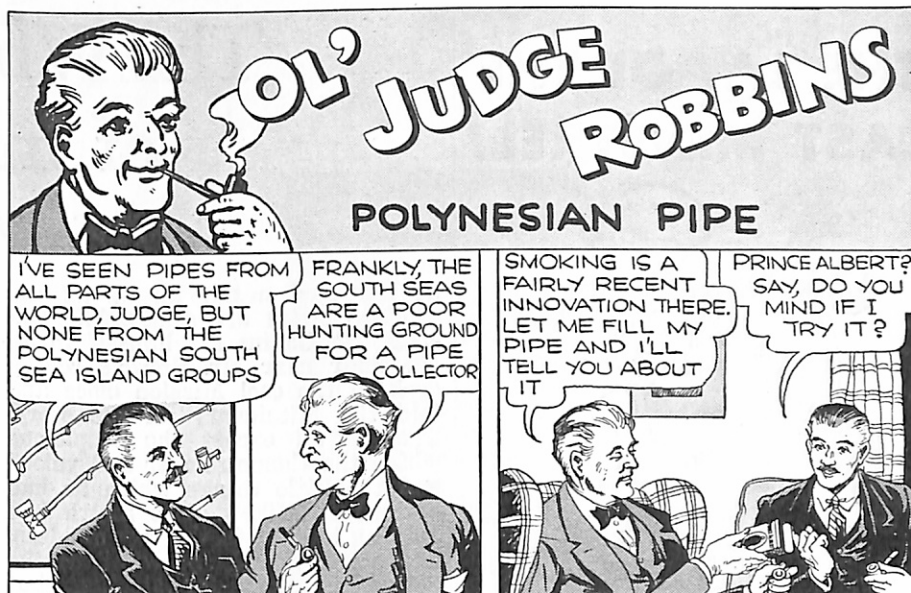
But whether America is televised from a flock of captive balloons swinging above each city of any consequence, or piped with a 50,000-mile spider-web of coaxial cable, it's going to cost a lot of money.

R.C.A. admits they've already spent more than a million dollars in seeing television through the experimental stages. Rumor has it the figure is more nearly ten million. Several others are reported to have each spent more than a million. But these sums and all the others, big and little, like them, have merely brought television to the gates.

To these three great obstructions, then — fear of loss of already profitable revenue, inability or unwillingness to work out satisfactory patent agreements, and hesitancy about starting in on huge competitive expenditures for a new development — we can attribute the big log-jam in television. Other problems can be added. There is the matter of government regulation, and licensing. There is the danger of starting television off on the wrong foot with different systems of broadcasting, instead of with a single agreed-upon system that can be picked up by any good receiving set. R.C.A. has quite justly expressed itself as being deeply concerned over the danger of starting off on one system or method of broadcasting and then having to switch to another, automatically making all receiving sets sold up to that time useless and obsolete.

And now let's get to the questions you'll be asking, if something like that does happen—say this summer.

What will the television pictures look like? (Continued on page 47)



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The White Faces of Infalusi

(Continued from page 40)

he managed nearly all its affairs.

Missionaries are semi-public officials. So Collins sat himself in an old chair near Mr. Smith's rolltop desk in the cool Mission office and told the Missionary all the story. That is all except the suspicions which the Commissioner had voiced and the little things which he had noticed at Mike's. But Smith had nothing to offer in the way of ideas. Somewhat wearily he admitted the native penchant for stealing, but that was not new.

"No, Sergeant, I am afraid that I cannot give you any information or even thoughts on the subject. I don't get about much, you know. Haven't been on tour in months. We get information here, of course, but I never question any man's natives when I see them."

"Certainly not," agreed Collins hastily. Then he asked a question which he hated to voice. "But what made you make such a statement? Do you have reason to suspect anyone, that is, any white around here?"

"No. I suspect no one. In fact, Sergeant, until you came I had no reason to think that there was any trouble brewing. Except that we have been having some sort of witchdoctoring here or near the Mission."

Collins frowned. "Witchdoctoring?"

"Nothing that I can put a finger on. But the natives seem unduly quiet as if they were disturbed about something. It is almost as if they knew about something which was going to happen and which would be bad when it did come and of which they were afraid to speak. Can you understand?"

Collins nodded. He knew what Smith meant, but his mind was so taken up with Mike's predicament that he did not at first pay as much attention as he would have ordinarily. He realized full well that the practice of witchdoctoring usually meant a form of blackmail. Witchdoctors always had to be paid in one way or another.

"Witchdoctoring," Collins spoke in a musing voice. "I wonder." He looked up. "Have you any idea what form it is taking?"

Mr. Smith shook his head. "Only the usual things about lights having been seen at night, headless men and things along those lines. There have been reports of shootings at night, too."

Collins' head came up with a jerk. "Shooting? At night?"

"Why yes. Once I thought that I heard a shot about eleven o'clock. It

was so distant that I could not be sure. But I thought so."

"In what direction?"

"Oh now, Collins. I was lying half asleep in my bed in a room. How could I tell from which direction the shot came?"

A worried frown creased Collins' forehead. How patly everything was fitting into a case against Mike. Shooting at night. That would fit into the meat killing and selling idea. If the Commissioner ever got Smith into court and heard his story in conjunction with the other facts he would be after Mike like a shot. He stood up.

"Well. Must be shoving along. Thanks, Mr. Smith. Coming in to the Boma soon?"

"No. I don't think so, Collins." The policeman heaved a sigh of relief. "Petrol is expensive and I have no business to discuss with the Commissioner. Unless this witchdoctoring keeps up. Then I would send for you or Kambove. No. I won't be coming in for some time."

As Collins walked to his bike he looked toward the small house which Mr. and Mrs. Smith used as sleeping quarters. The bedroom windows faced directly toward Mike's farm. The sound of a shot, if the wind was right and low and the night silent, would drift right into those windows. Possibly Mr. Smith had thought of that and that was why he was so emphatic that he could not tell the direction. Like everyone else he knew of Mike's difficulties. It was rotten, thought Collins, as he sped towards the Boma, that because a man was in financial difficulties he could be suspected of any rotten thing.

To Collins' surprise Corporal Kambove came in just after dinner when he himself was preparing to call on the Commissioner to give his report. He was turning over in his mind what he could say without casting more suspicions toward Mike when the Corporal knocked.

"Well, Kambove, it did not take you long."

"No, N'Kos. I went by the paths. I have been to all the villages around Infalusi."

"Find anything?"

"There are no cattle with the white face in any village."

"Idiot. Did you expect to find any?"

"No, N'Kos." The black face of the Corporal split in a wide grin. When his Boss swore at him he loved him. "No, N'Kos," he repeated.

"Well. What did you find? You

would not be here if you had not discovered something. What is it?"

"Muti, N'Kos."

"Muti? Witchdoctoring!"

"Yes, N'Kos."

"On the Mission?" asked Collins. It was the Corporal's turn to look surprised.

"Yes, N'Kos."

Without bothering to finish tying his tie, Collins walked slowly to a cabinet hung on the wall. He took out a bottle and a glass and pouring a tot into it replaced the bottle. A splash of soda from his Sparklet and he walked onto the verandah of his rondavel. Kambove followed him. For ten minutes the white and the black stood staring silently into the night. A gentle breeze moved the spidery branches of the gussie trees. The new baby green leaves fluttered and the moving branches cast light, thin shadows on the bare, swept ground. Collins sipped his drink. Slowly a pattern was forming in his mind which would account for nearly everything. Suddenly he turned to his Corporal.

"Do you know who was shooting at night?"

"Yes, N'Kos. Dunamatali."

Collins nodded. Dunamatali was Mike's native name. He had suspected that Mike was doing night shooting. One point was still not clear to him. Something which he had seen in the butcher shop.

"What does Dunamatali shoot?"

"N'Yati, N'Kos."

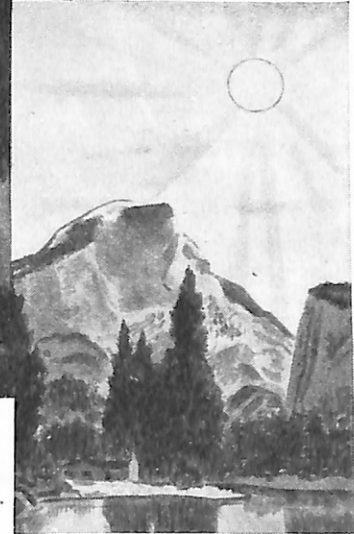
Collins nodded again. Buffalo, eh? Frightfully dangerous pastime to hunt them at night. But it would have to be buffalo. Their meat was the only game meat which all natives would buy. No tribe had the buffalo for a totem. Collins knew that certain natives would refuse wildebeest meat, or reedbuck or kudu or zebra because those animals were totem gods. But that was not true of buffalo. And of course that coarse meat he had seen in the butcher shop had been buffalo meat. Collins grinned in the semi-darkness. Had he asked Mike what meat he was selling he knew that Mike would have answered beef. Which would have been true. Buffalo are only wild cattle after all. But he would have to warn Mike to stop. If the Commissioner ever heard it would go hard with Mike.

All of which cleared Mike of suspicion of stealing Schultz's cattle but did not advance the case in any way. Collins could not go before the Commissioner and tell him that Mike was innocent of theft because he was shooting buffalo at night and selling their meat to the natives. He would have to find the whitefaces. He ran over all the items of information again and then turning to Kambove spoke rapidly in native telling him to be ready early on the morrow. Kambove grinned happily, saluted and melted away into the darkness. Collins reentered his hut and fixing his tie went up to the Commissioner's house where he gave a most un-

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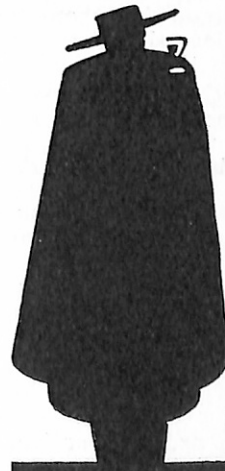
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satisfactory report of his doings. The Commissioner noticed his discomfort but refrained from passing any comment.

With his mind clear, Collins slept and awakened when his cook came in with the early tea, keen and ready for investigation. He dressed hurriedly, gulped his breakfast and went out to find that Kambove had filled the tank on the bike and had the machine polished and waiting. With a grin Collins swung his leg over the seat put-putted away in the direction of Infalusi, Mike's, and the Mission.

He was gone almost all day. Kambove wandered restlessly up and down the Boma checking savagely upon the work being done by the prisoners. He was curt and short with the other native policemen. He had no time at all for the government messengers. Then just after tea time he heard the chug-chug of the motor bike away down the road. He sauntered casually to the verandah of the office and stood where he could see down the road. The noise increased and then the bike came into view. A grin spread over the Corporal's face. Behind the Sergeant there was a second figure.

With a final put-put Collins rode up to his office. The Corporal snapped to attention and then hurried down to assist. He held the bike with an expressionless face while Collins got off and drew a key from his pocket. Bending, he unlocked the handcuffs which held his prisoner to the carrier. Then he straightened up and faced his Corporal.

"Did you know?" he asked him.

Kambove shook his head. "No, N'Kos. I did not know, but there is a saying in my village that it is the big frog blown up with his own wind that is first seen beside the water."

Collins nodded shortly. "Bring him along," he ordered and turning, marched towards the Commissioner's office.

"Sir. I wish to report that I have arrested the man who stole Mopani Randall's cattle. He is outside?"

The Commissioner looked startled. He stared at the stern face of the Sergeant and misinterpreted the grimness. For a moment he did not want to see the prisoner. Then he nodded. "Bring him in."

Collins spoke an order in native. Kambove stepped into the room. Ahead of him he pushed a tall native dressed in European clothes. The man was dirty and his face was covered with the dust from the bike but he was recognizable.

"Mathew," exclaimed the Commissioner. He turned his astonished gaze to Collins. "So it wasn't—"

"No," interrupted the Sergeant quickly. "Hart has been selling only beef. He has been killing his own cattle. Mostly the wilder ones. This is the man who stole the white-faced cattle." Collins turned on Mathew and his voice took on a hard, grating tone. "Tell the Commissioner how

you did it," he commanded.

But Mathew just stood glowering and silent. Collins made a move as if to hit him, but caught himself in time. "Well, if you won't talk, I will tell the Commissioner." He paused a moment and then began.

"You and I agreed, sir, that the theft of two hundred head of such prominently marked cattle as those of Randall's was an impossible feat for a native. It would be for a real native. But this man here is neither white nor native. He has been educated. He has been a trusted friend of Mr. Smith and given much responsibility. And what did he do? He betrayed everything with which he had been trusted. He betrayed his friend. He betrayed his professed religion and his education. He wanted to become rich and to be a power amongst the natives. So he reverted. He practiced witchcraft."

"What?" ejaculated the Commissioner. "Witchcraft?"

"Yes, sir. When we first discussed this case I made a mental reservation. The only native who would dare to steal large numbers of cattle would be a native who was either so powerful through chieftainship that he could force his natives to be silent or a witchdoctor who could accomplish the same end through terror. That is what Mathew has done. He stole the cattle from Infalusi in small groups. He placed those stolen cattle with those which the Mission had bought from Randall, relying on the knowledge he had that Mr. Smith did not get about much and that even when he did he did not check up thoroughly. So that the natives herding the cattle would not talk he began to threaten them with charms and spirits. Mathew, the man who was trusted, the man whom you and everyone else thought of as the best type of native, betrayed his education and trust and became a common witchdoctor, covering his thefts with all the mumbo jumbo that they practice. He has had the Mission terrified of him."

It was a difficult pill for the Commissioner to swallow. The treachery of Mathew was a bad blow to his theories concerning the elevation of the native. His forehead gathered in a deep frown.

"You can, of course, prove all this, Sergeant."

"Yes, sir. The cattle themselves are there to prove it and there are eleven natives from the Mission on their way in now to act as witnesses. Mr. Smith will testify as well."

"Very well," the Commissioner sighed, "I will sit tomorrow and hear the case." Then he turned to Mathew. "What made you do such a thing, Mathew? You had everything and now you have lost it all."

Mathew did not answer. His sullen eyes stared over the Commissioner's head. His blank negro face expressed nothing. The Commissioner stared at him and then spoke to Collins.

"It was well done, Sergeant."

Television Next

(Continued from page 43)

If you have seen the little advertising movies sprinkled here and there all over the country, showing scenes at this or that manufacturing plant, testing automobiles, and so on, you have a pretty good answer. There is one of those little motion picture exhibits, for example, to be seen in the lobby of the Chrysler Building, in New York, right now. It shows pictures on a slightly greenish screen, illuminated from inside. Often there are a dozen or more people watching it; rarely less than three or four. The pictures are as clear as they would be on a big screen. The watchers are only a few feet from them. If the screen were larger they'd have to move farther back, and wouldn't be any better off.

Occasionally, in the television laboratories, image reception has been interfered with by the ignition systems of passing automobiles and the like. When something like this happens the picture dances suddenly out of sight, leaving only tiny, vibrating black lines on the screen. This trouble will have been largely, if not entirely, overcome by the time receiving sets are sold.

How large will the pictures be?

That will depend on the set and the system. About five by seven inches, on a brightly-lighted, greenish screen, will probably be a popular size. Some screens show twelve-x-twelve pictures. Sixteen or eighteen inches will probably be a maximum length, with most pictures oblong rather than square. Some sets may be made with images even smaller than five-x-seven.

How clear will the pictures be?

Probably as clear as a good movie. Because of their smaller size, comparison with pictures in a magazine may be better. Say as clear as a fair photograph in a good magazine. In the television exhibit at the Franklin Institute, referred to earlier, various makes of automobiles passing in the traffic three hundred feet or so from the "image dissector" that picked them up from the roof-top could easily be recognized on the television screen.

Will rooms have to be darkened, to make the pictures clearly visible?

Not to any great degree. In a very bright room the pictures might seem dim, but in a room even slightly darkened they will be perfectly clear.

What will receiving sets probably cost?

The general estimate seems to be about \$200, at least at first, possibly ranging up to five hundred. One or two manufacturers' estimates run as low as \$150. Probably sold on time, like refrigerators and almost everything else.

How big will they be?

About as big as the larger sound-receiving cabinet-sets already in general use. Say the size of a small bureau.

Will one receiving set be able to pick up anything except its own system of broadcasting?

Probably not. That is where the difficulties of differing systems come in. One manufacturer claims he is going to be able to make a set that can be tuned into any kind of television broadcast, but it is hard to see how he can possibly do it. Other manufacturers say he is merely blowing bubbles.

In television, by the way, there will probably be very much less chance to go shopping for different stations than is possible with sound. You'll be able to get, say, two or three of your own good local stations, possibly only one.

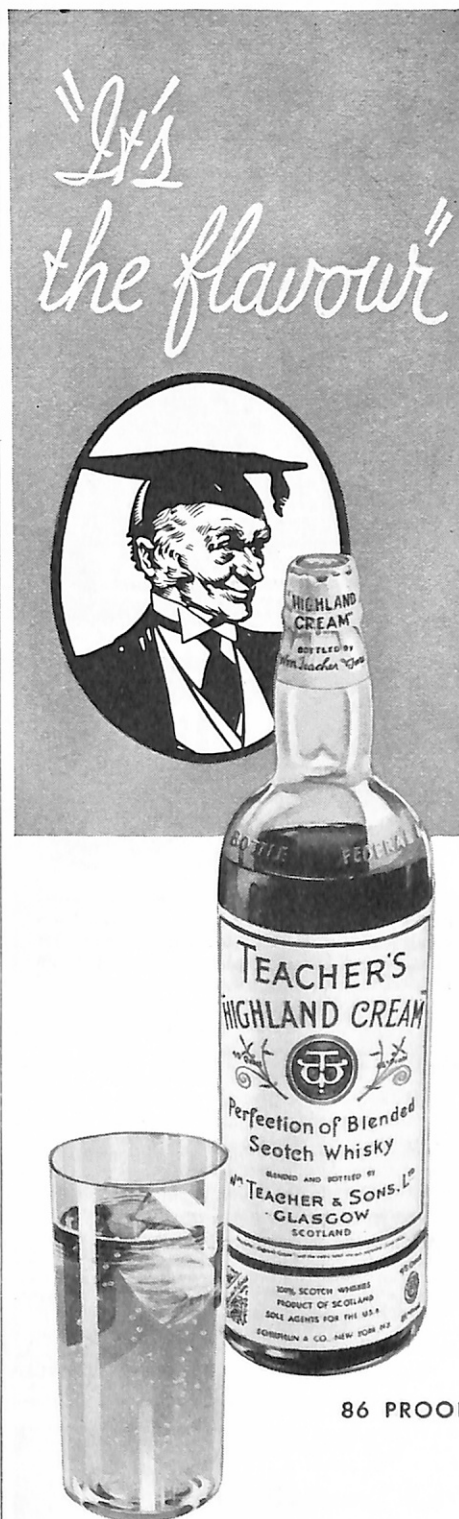
Will it be possible to see outdoor, as well as studio, scenes?

Certainly. It all depends on the program or event being broadcast. Television pick-up trucks can be sent around as readily as sound trucks. Some of the television "cameras" are easier to handle than a regular motion picture camera.

In Germany a unique news-gathering system has been developed that utilizes regular motion picture film for television. As the camera grinds, the film passes back over sprockets into a developer tank and comes back to be scanned and broadcast by television to the city studio and movie theatres, where the reverse process produces another film that is projected onto the theatre or studio screen with only a few seconds delay in all. This particular system uses mechanical scanning and does not give an exceptionally clear picture. It is not likely that it will be tried out in America.

What will television programs probably be like?

While it is still a little hard to tell, if human nature continues to run fairly true to form we won't get very much that is surprisingly different from what we have already become accustomed to see on the stage, on the screen, at the ball park, or (with appropriate changes) in the radio studios. Good looks will almost certainly get a more important call than has been necessary in broadcasting mere sound. Beauty contests ought to be popular. It is an almost universal guess that early television programs will include some motion pictures. Animated cartoons, news reels, and so on. For music, good looks combined with a good voice will be at a great premium. Humor will always be pop-



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ular, and comedians able to look convincingly funny, as well as sound convincingly funny, may win new heights of popularity. Wise-cracks from a good "Dead" Pan artist will be hard to beat. Speeches or interviews from persons already in the limelight will be far more interesting than is possible in broadcasts of sound alone.

We have one final survey to make. What is television going to contribute to the everyday life that goes on about us? What changes will it make? What uses will it have, besides entertainment?

If it breaks soon and grows rapidly, television may play an important part in accelerating the returning rush to prosperity. Even though present radio interests are no better off, a lot of people will benefit from the creation of a great new industry. Thousands of dollars for new receiving sets will mean thousands of dollars for manufacturers and salesmen, thousands of dollars for salaries and wages. The tremendous demand for television after even the inadequate low-definition broadcasts of former years seems to indicate a possible "television boom" that will run to hundreds of millions of dollars in short order. New transmitters as well as receivers, new networks, a new field

for advertising, thousands of miles of costly cable.

Education is almost certain to follow closely behind entertainment as a television goal, once the novelty of the thing has worn off. It may even be that television will eventually change our whole school system, it opens up so many new possibilities.

From the political angle, think what television can do, as soon as it comes into general use. Imagine a candidate for Mayor or City Manager, Sheriff or member of the Board of Education, able to talk personally to half his prospective electors, in their own homes, in a single half hour.

"I don't like his face" may mean twice as much in 1940 as it possibly could have in 1920 or 1930.

"Bottled" television signals, with sight as well as sound recorded on disc or film will probably be a fairly prompt development with television, just as it has been with sound. We will be able to see, as well as hear, great singers years after they die. Television will make them live for us again in our own homes, even more than sound-films, in theatres, can today.

But before any of these things can happen, remember, that log-jam will have to break.

How long is it going to be?



Abalone Fields

(Continued from page 35)

if groping for them. The tawny folds of the Santa Lucia mountains resembled velvet, and a light breeze brought the tangy fragrance of tar weed from the Point Sur Rock. The launch had pulled away from the diving boat, and was rising and falling with the long blue surge of the sea. Weiss heaved a great sigh.

"No," he said. "Five hundred dollars for one day's work is out of all reason."

"It's the price we agreed on," reminded Gar.

"No fish is worth five hundred dollars."

"This one is," declared Snort. "And I know who'll pay that for it, too."

"No," cried Weiss. "No, you can't do that. The fish is mine. I am the one who located it."

"The barracuda is yours," corrected Snort. "You can keep that for good. But the real fish will cost you five hundred dollars—spot cash."

Weiss scowled, and turning to the boat rail spat into the sea. He stared down into the clear blue water below him, and then he stared into

the clear blue of the diver's eyes, and he looked as if he feared both.

"You win." He smiled weakly. "I figured this was about how it would be."

"Then I take it you brought the five hundred with you," cried Snort with satisfaction.

Weiss nodded, and pulled a roll of bills out from his pocket.

"Okay," boomed Gar. His slap on the shoulder sent Weiss staggering against the cabin. "Snort, you devil, heave anchor. We'll keep Weiss with us."

"But you'll take me to the fish?" asked Weiss.

"You bet," said Snort.

Weiss ordered the launch to proceed without him, and settled himself back in the diving boat. Pete started the engine. The lowering rays of the sun touched the Point Sur lighthouse with a pale rose light, and as the diving boat churned up a creamy path through the blue water it left the abalone fields with a cargo of satisfaction so general it should have weighed the boat down to the gunwales.

What America Is Reading

(Continued from page 23)

to Ring Lardner. His chapter on the "ten commandments of the comic arts" ought to be worth money to the man who wants to tell funny stories with success. That's as great an art as pitching the right sort of baseball. In detail Mr. Eastman describes the technique that makes a hit: how to be interesting, effortless, plausible, sudden and neat; how to make up for mistakes and losing the audience; how to deliver the point. Wholly aside from that "Enjoyment of Laughter" is good reading for anyone. (Simon & Schuster, \$3.75)

MORE BOOKS ABOUT NAPOLEON

Why people keep on reading about Napoleon year after year is no mystery; he is the giant of fairy tales for grown-ups, the ogre vanquished despite his power—and then human beings are apt to weep crocodile tears when imperial majesty is laid low. Even this season there are several new books and plays about him.

Of the new books, the first is "No Peace with Napoleon!" the second volume of the memoirs of General de Caulaincourt. Last year's book, "With Napoleon in Moscow," told the story of that famous ride by coach from Moscow to Paris in 1812. In the new book Caulaincourt describes his manoeuvres to gain time for Napoleon in 1814, when the Allies were in Paris and Napoleon had to abdicate and go to Elba.

If the beaten eagle had stayed in Elba there would have been no excuse for the second book, "St. Helena," by Octave Aubrey, a French writer. But you know what happened—Napoleon returned to France, was defeated by Wellington at Waterloo, and surrendered to the British navy. They took him to that lonely rock in the South Atlantic, where he became a sort of country squire, bickering with the British and trying to keep peace among his retainers. M. Aubrey does a fine job of it, describing how the British doctors badgered Napoleon and thought his illness was shamming—they didn't even know what ailed him. Then comes the story of his death and of the ultimate removal of his body to Paris. There's a story to teach a moral lesson to dictators!

"YANG AND YIN"

When Alice Tisdale Hobart wrote "Oil for the Lamps of China" she won a tremendous following because she told a highly dramatic and exciting story with inside knowledge of what a hard fight the American business man has to make to sell his goods in China. There are other sacrifices in pioneering, especially in the scientific field. In her new novel, "Yang and Yin," she tells how young Peter Frazer attempts to teach old

China the value of modern medicine and surgery. To accomplish his end Peter has to devote himself heart and soul to his cause. He has to take time from his family life because other work is more important. Diana, his wife, is more interested in the family than in the millions of China. But Peter Frazer has to do more than that. He has to fight opium racketeers and finally test out a new cure of an oriental disease. (Bobbs Merrill, \$2.50)

PEARL S. BUCK'S FATHER

That fine, sympathetic portrayal of the wife of an American missionary in China given by Pearl S. Buck in "The Exile" has now been matched by the picture of her father in "Fighting Angel." What a stern, upright old fellow he was, spreading the gospel in the interior of China, this Andrew, "son of generations of grim Presbyterian fathers, Calvinist, predestinarian, believer in the second coming of Christ." He could not compromise with anyone, and when the younger members of the missionary board suggested that he should retire at 70 he said "Pshaw!" and went right on working. He translated the New Testament into the language of the common people, over the protest of Chinese scholars who thought this talk too common and he stuck by his guns when milder, more adaptable missionaries began to reach China. This book contains some of the best writing ever done by Pearl S. Buck. (Reynal & Hitchcock)

ESSAYS BY CHRISTOPHER MORLEY

There is a group of old fellows, including Christopher Morley, William Gillette, Vincent Starrett and Dr. A. S. W. Rosenbach, the bibliophile, who keep the memory of Sherlock Holmes green, which helps to explain Chris Morley's paper, "Was Sherlock Holmes an American?" in his new book of witty, informal essays, "Streamlines." Here is Morley chatting away, not only about Holmes, but about riding in the cab of a locomotive of the Broadway Limited, visiting a steamboat on the Ohio, talking books and men, providing information and intelligent entertainment. (Doubleday, \$2.50)

BOOKS ON SKI-ING

"Complete Book of Ski-ing" by F. Hallberg and H. Muckenbrunn. A manual with drawings and photographs. (317 pages. Greenberg: \$5). "Ski-ing Exercises," by Margaret Morris and Hans Falkner. Practical. 60 pages. (Greenberg: \$2). "Downhill Ski-Racing," by Harold Mitchell. 125 pages. (Greenberg: \$2). "Ski Fever," by J. B. Emtage. With adventures. (Greenberg: \$2).

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What Makes My Mackerel So Good?

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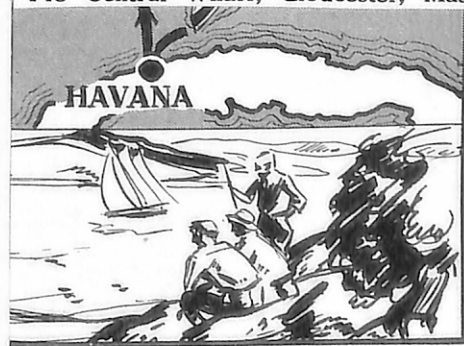
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Golf? The Miami Biltmore Country Club—one of the famous Florida Year-Round Clubs units—is adjacent to the hotel estate. As a guest of the hotel, your name is proposed to the membership committee of this exclusive sports organization. Upon committee approval, you have guest membership privileges in all three establishments—which include also the Roney Plaza Cabaña Sun Club at Miami Beach and the Key Largo Anglers Club on the Florida keys—for the duration of your stay, **without paying initiation fees or membership dues.**

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The Grand Exalted Ruler's Memorial Address

(Continued from page 4)

country. We have linked the destiny of our Order with the destiny of our country. Built upon sound foundation stones of Charity, of Justice, of Brotherly Love, and Fidelity, it has rendered legion service. It has built the finest Memorial Building in the United States in the City of Chicago—a structure of great beauty, of marble and of stone, with art and murals than which no finer can be found.

It built and maintains at Bedford, Virginia, a living memorial to several hundred of our elder Brothers to whom Fortune has not been so kind, yet who are permitted to spend their declining years in comfort and peace of mind.

It has created a living foundation which will eventually reach into the millions, the income from which is already making life more abundant and happier for our people scattered throughout the United States.

Throughout every part of America the good deeds of the Order of Elks are to be found—crippled children made happy, sound and healthy again; those who would have died from tuberculosis restored to health and taking their place with other underprivileged in the scheme of things; boys and girls completing their education and given a brighter future. Yes, with so many worthwhile deeds of public usefulness and service, Elkdom is a potent force in America.

So today we pledge again, those of us who live to see another day, a renewed sense of loyalty and obligation to that great Order to which we belong, so that the sacrifices of those who have gone may not be of no avail. If they could speak to us from the other world I know they would ask us to carry on that there might be even greater services performed by the Elks of America to make their country a finer and better place in which to live.

I thank God I am an American citizen, privileged to live in a great country where there is freedom of thought and action, where there is an orderly government, where my children can be raised and maintained in my own home and where I am permitted to worship Almighty God as I see fit. These are priceless heritages, given to us by the sacrifices of one hundred and sixty years of American history.

The Order of Elks, conscious of this

full sense of obligation, everywhere today pledges again its belief in doing unto others as we would have them do unto us; in writing the faults of our Brothers upon the sands, their virtues upon tablets of love and memory.

We recognize the fact that we are nothing but human beings, that we pass along the pathway of life but once and as we pass along we endeavor to make life the cheerier and happier by reason of the ideals of the Order of Elks. It is indeed better to give than to receive. The joy of life is not in having but in sharing.

There is still to be found in this world the old philosophy of Caesar, and as we read the daily papers we see in other countries that philosophy, "The world is mine. I will keep it." So you see we have with us horders, misers and those imbued with ideas of selfishness, greed and avarice.

But how much more beautiful, how much cheerier, how much happier is the philosophy that is best found in the Order of Elks—the philosophy that the world is ours, let us share it—that sharing by doing good deeds in our every-day lives.

A smile never cost anyone anything but it creates much. It enriches those who receive without impoverishing those who give. Yes, a smile happens in a flash but the memory of it sometimes lasts forever. None are so rich that they can get along without it and none so poor but are richer for its benefits.

In Elkdom we are interested in others; interested in their pursuits, their welfare, their homes and families. We endeavor never to let an opportunity pass to say a kind and encouraging thing to or about somebody. We endeavor to be careful of others' feelings and are grateful that we are privileged to live in this great country.

Today is the Golden Hour of Recollection, the Homecoming of those who wander, the Mystic Roll Call of those who will come no more.

Living or dead, an Elk is never forgotten, never forsaken. Morning and noon may pass him by, the light of day sink heedlessly into the West, but ere the shadows of midnight shall fall, the Chimes of Memory will be pealing forth the friendly message, "To Our Absent Brothers".

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You cannot afford to miss this opportunity . . . a glorious holiday in the Southland . . . and for so little money . . . send in today, the coupon below and descriptive pamphlet will be sent you, covering all details . . . shine up your golf clubs, get the summer flannels out of the moth balls and prepare for this smart holiday party.

Get away from the frozen northland, with its sleet, ice, and cold . . . get away from colds and doctor bills . . . you owe this to yourself.

And what a trip it will be . . . relaxation and rest in the summerland of America . . . palm trees, roses, beautiful gardens of tropical and sub-tropical shrubbery.

Bring the Ladies!

Glorious days of sunlight and grand nights of dancing and gaiety under a tropic moon—every hour rich in new sights, new surroundings, a change needed to make you feel new again. Below is an abstract of the itinerary.

Fri. Jan. 22—Lv. New York and Chicago in special de luxe air-conditioned Pullmans. The Pullmans from Chicago will pick up at Indianapolis, Cincinnati, where those from Toledo, Detroit, and Cleveland, will join. The Pullmans from New York will pick up at Philadelphia, New York, and other points. . . . All Pullmans will be consolidated at Palm Beach.

Sun. Jan. 24—West Palm Beach—George Washington Hotel. We are way down south. Now warm tropical breezes greet us everywhere. Wonderful program has been arranged . . . sailfish derby . . . golf . . . dancing, etc.

Mon. Jan. 25—Another never-to-be-forgotten day at this great resort . . . in the late afternoon we go by motor along the Ocean Boulevard to Miami where we make our headquarters at the Baronial Everglades Hotel. For three days we rest and recreate at this wonderful resort, and what a program has been arranged. . . .

Fri. Jan. 29—At 7:00 p.m. we leave Miami by steamer for Havana.

Sat. Jan. 30—Havana, the gayest city in the world . . . it is truly like taking a trip abroad to see Havana—tropical gardens, sidewalk cafes, ancient cathedrals, seventeenth century scenes. Stroll the Prado, fashionable promenade where celebrities from the world over love to parade. Our headquarters will be at the Plaza Hotel in the center of things. Sunday and Monday, Havana.

Tues. Feb. 2—Lv. Havana by steamer in the morning, arriving Key West in the afternoon, where a short stop will be made, then to St. Petersburg . . . a night of gaiety and dancing on the steamer under a tropical moon.

Wed. Feb. 3—Arrive St. Petersburg, where we spend 3 days seeing Florida's west coast . . . golf, deep-sea fishing, etc. One day there will be a motor trip to all points of interest. . . . Tampa, the cigar factories, thence to the Bok Tower at Lake Wales, known as the Taj Mahal of America. We then turn northward and after a short stop at Ocala, viewing the subterranean gardens, etc. . . . then homeward.

**Ar. New York
& Chicago
Feb. 7**

The approximate cost of this trip will be \$208, from Cincinnati, \$219 from Chicago and \$221 from New York, covering every item of expense . . . Pullmans, three meals a day for the entire trip, hotel accommodations, rooms with private bath, motor sightseeing, handling of baggage . . . in brief, everything!

Space does not permit us to elaborate on the program being arranged by the Elks of Florida, the home of our Grand Exalted Ruler, Dave Sholtz, whom we will all have the privilege of greeting personally.

DETACH AND MAIL

The Elks Magazine Travel Dept.
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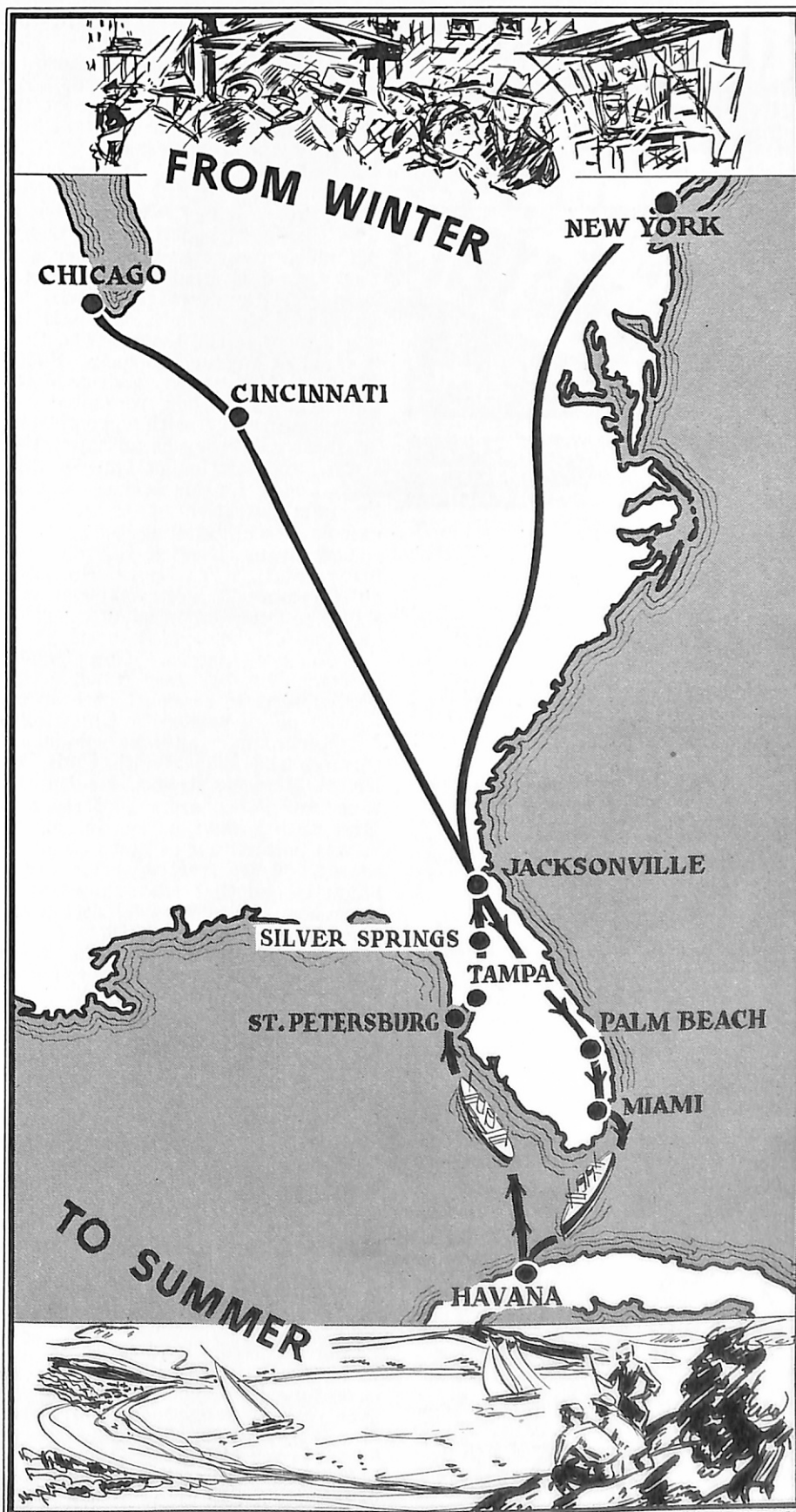
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Visits of the Grand Exalted Ruler

(Continued from page 33)

song especially arranged in his honor. Eighty-three candidates were initiated together with 42 reinstatements. The attendance was so large that many were unable to meet the Grand Exalted Ruler until the termination of the session. P.E.R. Henry G. Wenzel, Jr., Justice of the Supreme Court of the State of New York, presented a silver service to Gov. Sholtz on behalf of the Lodge. An added event was the presence of Past Grand Exalted Ruler J. Edgar Masters, Grand Secretary, who accompanied Gov. Sholtz and paid his official visit to the Lodge. The Hon. Michael Shugrue, former Public Works Commissioner, addressed the gathering and then presented the Grand Secretary with a completely fitted traveling bag as an expression of the appreciation of Queens Borough Lodge for his services during the administration of Judge Hallinan as Grand Exalted Ruler.

The Grand Exalted Ruler's visit to Freeport, N. Y., Lodge, No. 1253, on November 11, was celebrated with a dinner, an entertainment program and one of the largest meetings in the Lodge's history. Gov. Sholtz, accompanied by his father, Col. Sholtz, came to Freeport with an escort of police headed by Chief John N. Hartmann, and was conducted through the Elks Health Clinic by Dr. William H. Runcie, Health Officer, and Miss Anna Lafferty and Mrs. Ruth Nelson, nurses in charge. It was pointed out to him that more than 5,000 are treated at the Clinic annually and that more than 50,000 have been given medical assistance since its inception in 1916.

When the Grand Exalted Ruler walked up the steps of the Lodge Home, the uniformed Drill Team stood at attention. The Freeport High School Band was also on hand. He was greeted by E.R. H. Alfred Vollmer and his officers and by a throng of local and visiting Elks. Six hundred members and guests enjoyed the dinner and participated in the meeting afterward. On behalf of Freeport Lodge P.D.D. Judge Peter Stephen Beck, a friend of Gov. Sholtz for over 17 years, presented him with an electric clock. There was also a gift for the Grand Exalted Ruler's father. Gov. Sholtz presided at the initiation of the large class of candidates honoring Past Grand Exalted Ruler James T. Hallinan. Twenty-five members of the class joined Freeport Lodge, one for each year of its existence. The Lodge is celebrating its 25th anniversary on February 11.

Some of the most prominent men in the Order and in public life in the community participated, among them

being Charles Spencer Hart of Mount Vernon, N. Y., Lodge, former Chairman of the Grand Lodge Activities Committee; D.D. David E. Livingston, Bronx; F. William Wolters, Queens Borough Lodge, former member of the Grand Lodge Auditing Committee; Pres. Dr. Leo Roohan, Saratoga Lodge, Secy. Philip Clancy, Niagara Falls Lodge, Vice-Pres. Dominick Guando, Hempstead, and Past Pres. George W. Denton, Gloversville, of the N. Y. State Elks Assn.; Caspian Hale; State Pres. Fernandez; George Weems, Tallahassee; Mayor Robert E. Patterson, Supervisor J. Russel Sprague, Judge George S. Johnson, and Presiding Supervisor A. Holly Patterson. Among the District Lodges represented by delegations were New York, Brooklyn, Queens Borough, Bronx, Patchogue, Staten Island, Glen Cove, Hempstead, Lynbrook, Great Neck, Huntington and Southampton.

On his official visit to the Eastern District of New York, the Grand Exalted Ruler visited White Plains Lodge, No. 535, on November 12. More than 400 marched in a parade through the streets, led by the local Elks Band, Gov. Sholtz riding at the head in an open car with E.R. Edward P. Holden and County Judge Gerald Nolan, P.D.D., of Yonkers Lodge. One of the features of the parade was the huge American flag, said to be the largest in the State, carried by members of Ossining Lodge. The Ossining Band and the American Legion Band from Port Chester also marched. A brief but enthusiastic reception was given Gov. Sholtz at the Lodge Home before the banquet which was attended by more than 300. A splendid program was presented by Joseph Downing and his entertainers.

Herman Schneider, acting as Esquire, escorted the delegations from the visiting Lodges into the Lodge room which was crowded to capacity for the meeting. After they had been received and the Grand Exalted Ruler escorted to the rostrum, the James T. Hallinan Class of 51 candidates was brought in for initiation. Twenty-two of the number became members of White Plains Lodge. E.R. Holden was in charge, assisted by all the other Exalted Rulers of the District, namely, William S. Hadfield, Peekskill, John J. DiSesa, Mamaroneck, Joseph F. Crowley, Yonkers, John J. Palisi, Beacon, E. Ralph LeBlanc, Poughkeepsie, Frank H. Wells, Mount Vernon, Ralph E. Becker, Port Chester, Alphonse E. Moneuse, New Rochelle, Harold J. Cullen, Ossining, and Frank P. Duffy, Mount Kisco. After

the ceremonies Judge Nolan greeted the new members and at the close of his speech, Gov. Sholtz was introduced. In his address the Grand Exalted Ruler brought out the principles for which the Order stands, and also complimented the Lodges of the District for the splendid showing they had made. After the meeting refreshments were served in the grill room.

The list of leading Elks present was a long one. Besides those already mentioned it included Charles S. Hart, Caspian Hale; D.D.'s David E. Livingston, Bronx, and Daniel M. Keyes, Poughkeepsie; State Pres. Dr. Roohan; State Vice-Pres. Ray C. Delaney, Ossining; P.D.D.'s Frank J. McGuire, a charter member of White Plains Lodge, and James Dempsey, Jr. Peekskill; William C. Duell, Tarrytown, Chairman of the Board of Supervisors, and Congressman Charles D. Millard, one of the oldest living members of White Plains Lodge. Judge Louis Eugene Tepp of Elmsford, one of the Grand Exalted Ruler's Brooklyn school-mates, was on hand to renew an old friendship. Assisting the Exalted Ruler, Mr. Holden, in arranging the reception were P.E.R. Francis J. Mahony, former City Judge William Gray and Mr. Delaney.

On the occasion of his official visit on November 13, to Brooklyn, N. Y., Lodge, No. 22, the Grand Exalted Ruler was feted by more than 1,500 Elks. His party was met at the Brooklyn end of the Manhattan Bridge by a huge local delegation. The Brooklyn Elks Band, Glee Club and Mounted Guard, a motorcade of 150 cars, and Legionnaires who are members of the Lodge, occupied prominent places in the brightly illuminated procession that escorted the visiting party to the Lodge Home. The parade was headed by James M. Golding, former State District Commander of the American Legion, and Captain Angelo J. Cincotta, Chairman of Public Relations of the Kings County Legion. About 600 members attended the banquet given by Brooklyn Lodge honoring the Grand Exalted Ruler. Seated at the tables were some of the most prominent Elks in the District, leaders in the city's official life, and a group of former classmates of Gov. Sholtz at the Boys' High School, headed by the Principal, Dr. Alfred A. Tausk. The welcoming address at the dinner was made by Comptroller Frank J. Taylor, who also acted for the Lodge in presenting the Grand Exalted Ruler with a three-piece sterling silver set.

After the banquet, Gov. Sholtz presided at the initiation of the James T. Hallinan Class numbering 175 candidates. The admission of so many new members was heartening not only to the Grand Exalted Ruler but to the membership as evidence of a definite pickup in Lodge activity. Formal reinstatements numbered 185. At the Lodge session the Glee Club sang Florida's State song, "Suwanee River," in honor of

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Gov. Sholtz, and E.R. Anthony J. De Lisio presented him with the Lodge emblem. In his speech Gov. Sholtz expressed himself as being glad to be again in the community in which he was born.

P.D.D. Thomas F. Cuite, Secretary of Brooklyn Lodge, was in charge of publicity, Municipal Court Justice P.E.R. George J. Joyce was Chairman of the Reception Committee, and P.E.R. Harry Wolff was Chairman of the Dinner Committee. William T. Phillips, of New York Lodge, Chairman of the Board of Grand Trustees, State Pres. Dr. Roohan, Col. Sholtz and P.D.D. Matthew J. Merritt, of Queens Borough Lodge, Representative-at-Large, were among the many

prominent men who attended.

On November 18 the Grand Exalted Ruler spent a day in Kansas City as a delegate to the Governors' Convention. During his brief stay he held a two-hour get-together session at the Muehlebach Hotel with P.E.R. Dwight Roberts of Kansas City Lodge, No. 26, member of the Grand Lodge Committee on Judiciary and Pres. of the Missouri State Elks Assn.; State Secy. Joseph N. Miniace; E.R. A. O. Nilles; P.D.D. E. L. Biersmith, Secy. of the local Lodge, and Charles McPoland. A number of fraternal matters were discussed, among them being the official visit which the Grand Exalted Ruler expects to pay Kansas City Lodge in February.

Under the Antlers

(Continued from page 27)

Leominster, Mass., Lodge Embarks on Winter Season

Leominster, Mass., Lodge, No. 1237, has embarked on a winter season of social activities and is well into a busy program. The social end of the program is being fostered with a series of Saturday night parties and tournaments. Many applications for membership have already resulted from these affairs.

A tournament of indoor games has been arranged with the Men's Club of the Shirley Industrial School for Boys. The Elks have been victorious at each of the two sittings which have been held.

Another scheme inaugurated by the Entertainment Committee is the holding of "Professional Nights," when fellow professionals are the honored guests. Each Saturday night a party is given for the members and their ladies with dancing and a buffet supper.

Leominster Lodge recently entertained the Veterans of the Spanish-American War who were in the city attending a Convention, and the visit of John P. Dowling, of Holyoke Lodge, D.D. of Mass. West, was celebrated with an evening of fitting festivities.

Atlanta, Ga., Lodge Honors Luke Appling, Baseball Star

Atlanta, Ga., Lodge, No. 78, recently gave a testimonial dinner in honor of Luke Appling, batting champion of the American League. The Lodge honored Mr. Appling with a dinner and then with one accord named him Chairman of the Membership Committee. Many prominent members of the Lodge were present to pay their respects to the well known "slugger."

D.D. Gaver Compliments Frederick, Md., Lodge On Initiation

Alfred W. Gaver, D.D. for Maryland, Delaware, and the District of

Columbia, recently complimented the Degree Team of Frederick, Md., Lodge, No. 684, on the excellent manner in which it presented the ritualistic work for a large class of candidates. Thirty new members were initiated into Frederick Lodge on November 25, the class being named in honor of Past Grand Exalted Ruler James T. Hallinan. It was the largest group of its kind initiated by the local branch in its history.

Ellwood City, Pa., Lodge Dedicates Addition to Home

October 18 was a gala day in the history of Ellwood City, Pa., Lodge, No. 1356, marking, as it did, the dedication of the new addition to the Lodge Home. The building is now one of the city's finest structures. The addition was erected and equipped at an approximate cost of \$20,000. It has an elaborate Lodge room on the first floor that can be used as a ball room, and a spacious grill and dining room in the basement. During the course of its construction it was given the most careful supervision in every detail by the Building Committee headed by Lee R. Kimes.

The impressive ceremonies, in charge of D.D. J. Austin Gormley, of Butler Lodge, began at 2:30 P. M. About 250 Elks were present, many having come from a great distance. In all 22 Lodges of the Order were represented. Past District Deputies, occupying the chairs, assisted Mr. Gormley. An appropriate and beautiful program of music was rendered. After the ceremonies 22 candidates were initiated with Ellwood City's State Championship Degree Team exemplifying the Ritual. The principal address was delivered by Past State Pres. Howard R. Davis, of Williamsport Lodge, a member of the Grand Lodge State Associations Committee. Other prominent Elks who followed Mr. Davis' fine speech

with brief but interesting remarks were State Trustees Clarence O. Morris, Leechburg; Ralph C. Robinson, Wilkinsburg, and James G. Bohlender, Franklin; Past State Pres. Frank J. Lyons, Warren; R. B. Christy, Grove City, Pres. of the N.W. Dist.; Past State Vice-Pres. C. H. Buell and P.D.D. Walter C. DeArment, both of New Castle. The visiting dignitaries were introduced by E.R. Frank Fitzgerald who thanked his fellow members and their guests for making the event one long to be remembered. A splendid dinner was served, followed by a social session.

Special Nights on Winter Program of Ticonderoga, N. Y., Lodge

A list of events to be held during the winter by Ticonderoga, N. Y., Lodge, No. 1494, was given out at the beginning of the season by the Lodge's Program Committee. Included are Ladies' Nights, Past Exalted Rulers' Night, Inter-Fraternal Night, Amateur Night, District Deputy Night, and one night for the holding of a Mock Trial. The Committee promised that if the affairs were successful the series would be rounded out with a Dinner-Dance program. The season has already started auspiciously and the members are working enthusiastically with the sub-committees.

Ticonderoga Lodge realized \$500 from its annual Clam Bake held before the weather turned cold at Sabbath Day Point on Lake George. Bruce Carney, a member of the Lodge, acted as host.

New Kensington, Pa., Elks Honor P.D.D. W. C. Kipp

Some 250 members of the Order met recently at the Home of New Kensington, Pa., Lodge, No. 512, to honor P.D.D. W. C. Kipp, of Apollo Lodge. A banquet was served in the newly decorated dining room while musical selections were played by the Hungarian Gypsy Ensemble, and sung by the Pittsburgh Male Quartet.


Among the speakers were E.R. L. Alexander Sculco, who introduced P.E.R. S. C. Bednar as Toastmaster. Past State Pres. M. F. Horne, New Kensington, extended greetings, and addresses were heard from William D. Hancher, of Washington, Pres. of the Pennsylvania State Elks Assn.; D.D. Paul J. Dimond, of Latrobe; P.D.D. T. E. McCullough, of Apollo, and E.R. Floy C. Jones, Jr., of Kittanning Lodge.

A life membership card and a set of military brushes were presented to Mr. Kipp by the members of his Home Lodge. New Kensington Elks gave him a handsome electric clock.

Parkersburg, W. Va., Lodge Initiates Thirty

Parkersburg, W. Va., Lodge, No. 198, initiated a class of 30 candidates on the night of November 10th, the occasion being that of the official

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visit of Leslie N. Hemenway, D.D., for W. Va., North, to his home Lodge. The Lodge meeting was preceded by a turkey dinner. Several hundred members of the Order enjoyed both the banquet and the ably conducted business session.

Inter-Lodge Meeting Held in Home of New Berne, N. C., Lodge

An Inter-Lodge meeting, the first of a series, was held on Tuesday evening, October 6, in the Home of New Berne, N. C., Lodge, No. 764. A large attendance of members representing Goldsboro, Washington, Wilmington and New Berne Lodges was on hand to take part in the meeting which had been called by Leslie P. Gardner, of Goldsboro Lodge, District Deputy for North Carolina East. Mr. Gardner occupied the Exalted Ruler's station as guest of honor. E.R. Elisha H. Bunting presided.

Three Past District Deputies were introduced during the evening. They were L. H. Trulove, Wilmington; R. E. Stevens, Goldsboro, and T. B. Kehoe, Sr., New Berne. Two Exalted Rulers were introduced, Joseph L. Edelmann, Goldsboro, and C. A. Jurgensen, Wilmington, and three Secretaries, Captain T. C. Daniels, New Berne, S. M. King, Wilmington, and J. S. Crawford, Goldsboro, each of whom has served his Lodge for more than a quarter of a century. Lew Stein, of Wilmington, more than 50 years an Elk, made a short talk. He recalled coming to New Berne 34 years ago to attend the ceremonies instituting the Lodge. A number of other visitors had also been present at the institution. After the meeting refreshments were served during an enjoyable hour of fraternal fellowship.

Elks Charity Fair Sponsored by Concord, N. C., Lodge

The "Elks Charity Fair," sponsored by Concord, N. C., Lodge, No. 1593, during the week of October 5, was a lucrative affair and netted the Lodge \$800, a large part of which was immediately placed in the Christmas Charity Fund. Another gratifying result of the Fair was the acquisition of 17 new members. Est. Lead. Knight C. R. Davis, who was in charge of the Elks' interests at the Fair Grounds, secured 15; Sam W. Petrea, owner of the "West World's Wonder Shows," brought in two, his candidates being members of the "De Luxe Shows" playing Albemarle, N. C., at the time.

The initiation ceremonies were unique in that they were conducted after midnight, the candidates coming to the Lodge Home immediately after their performances. Elks in attendance represented Lodges in 15 States. A banquet was held in honor of the new members.

Concord Lodge is moving forward rapidly. The membership is increasing and the meetings are constructive and enjoyable.

Mahanoy City, Pa., Lodge Receives New Members

Mahanoy City, Pa., No. 695, had the pleasure recently of initiating into the Order five candidates and welcoming 18 reinstatements, in the presence of D.D. Max L. Silverman, of Scranton Lodge, Past District Deputies, State officials and visiting delegations. Mahanoy City Lodge's crack Drill Team conducted the ceremony in a highly creditable manner.

Western New York Lodges Initiate Hallinan Class

Twenty-seven candidates, constituting the James T. Hallinan Class of Western New York State, were initiated into the Order at North Tonawanda, N. Y., Lodge, No. 860. The meeting was participated in by officers and members of the 13 Lodges in the western part of the State.

The session was presided over by Exalted Rulers and Past Exalted Rulers of the various Lodges. Among those present were D.D. Joseph H. Tonnies, Jr.; State Vice-Pres. Frank E. Morton, of Olean, and P.D.D. Dr. Roy M. Bradley. Among the Lodges represented were Medina, Buffalo, Albion, Olean, Batavia, Niagara Falls, North Tonawanda, Jamestown, Lancaster and Dunkirk.

Eastern North Carolina Elks Hold Inter-City Meeting

Wilmington, N. Car., Lodge, No. 532, recently entertained the Lodges of Eastern North Carolina at an inter-city meeting. Delegations were present from Goldsboro, New Berne and Fayetteville Lodges. Among the speakers were D.D. L. P. Gardner and representatives of the visiting Lodges. The reports showed a healthy gain in membership and enthusiasm in Eastern North Carolina, and evidenced a determination upon the part of the Lodges to keep up the good work.

A turkey dinner was served to the large crowd. The next inter-city meeting will be held at Fayetteville.

D.D. Degnan Visits Mechanicville, N. Y., Lodge

One of the best attended and most enthusiastic meetings of Mechanicville, N. Y., Lodge, No. 1403, was held recently on the occasion of the official visit of D.D. Michael J. Degnan, of Hudson Lodge. Other visiting dignitaries included State Vice-Pres. Frank J. Fowler, Past State Pres. Dr. J. Edward Gallico, Past State Vice-Pres. Isaac G. Braman, P.D.D. Francis G. Roddy, Aloysius H. Curran and Exalted Rulers of many visiting Lodges.

At the meeting several candidates were initiated and D.D. Degnan delivered a message from the Grand Exalted Ruler. Other speakers were Mr. Roddy, Dr. Gallico, Mr. Braman, William J. Ryan, E.R. of Troy Lodge; John T. Nolan, E.R. of Cohoes Lodge; G. H. Goodwin, P.E.R. of Troy Lodge; Secy. Frank A. Tate,

of Mechanicville Lodge, and P.E.R.'s Patrick J. Keniry, Harrison MacNeil and J. E. Camfield, of Mechanicville Lodge.

Arcadia, Fla., Lodge Dedicates New Home

October 28 was a gala day in the history of Arcadia, Fla., Lodge, No. 1524, when the dedication of the Lodge's new Home took place. The building, a three-story brick structure, had formerly been a hotel. The work of altering and repairing the premises to suit the needs of the Lodge took place in record time.

All Arcadia was gaily decorated with flags and emblems of welcome to the visiting Elks. Merchants of the town gave whole-hearted co-operation and proclaimed a dollar-day sale in honor of the event. At two in the afternoon a motorcade of ten cars led by members of the State Highway Patrol left the city to meet Grand Exalted Ruler David Sholtz, who was the principal speaker and honored guest. Once arrived, Gov. Sholtz gave an inspiring open-air address for the school children for whom a half-holiday had been declared. Then followed a parade, in which 500 persons participated, including a 30-piece band from Tampa Lodge, and a locomotive loaned by the members of the "Forty and Eight" organization of Fort Myers, with ten automobiles carrying Elk officers from all parts of the State.

Grand Exalted Ruler Sholtz formally dedicated the building immediately after the parade. The ceremony was followed by a barbecue at which several hundred were fed. At seven o'clock initiation ceremonies began, and 22 were initiated in the presence of the Grand Exalted Ruler.

91st Birthday Celebrated for Life Member by Uniontown, Pa., Lodge

Dr. George Magee was honored by his fellow members and many other friends in the Home of Uniontown, Pa., Lodge, No. 370, at the first Lodge meeting following his birthday which was September 30. Dr. Magee is one of the oldest active Elks in the country. Ninety-one candles adorned the huge birthday cake presented to him at the informal reception extended him during the social session in the grill room that followed the meeting.

At the reception held in connection with the Convention of the Central District of Pennsylvania in Uniontown several days before the birthday celebration at the Lodge Home, Dr. Magee received the congratulations of practically the entire District. Some 300 Elks were in attendance, including William D. Hancher, of Washington Lodge, Pres. of the Pennsylvania State Elks Assn., and D.D. Paul J. Dimond, of Latrobe Lodge. E.R. Earl S. Claycomb and Secy. John B. Wright served on the committees which arranged both receptions. Dr. Magee is an honorary life member of Uniontown Lodge.



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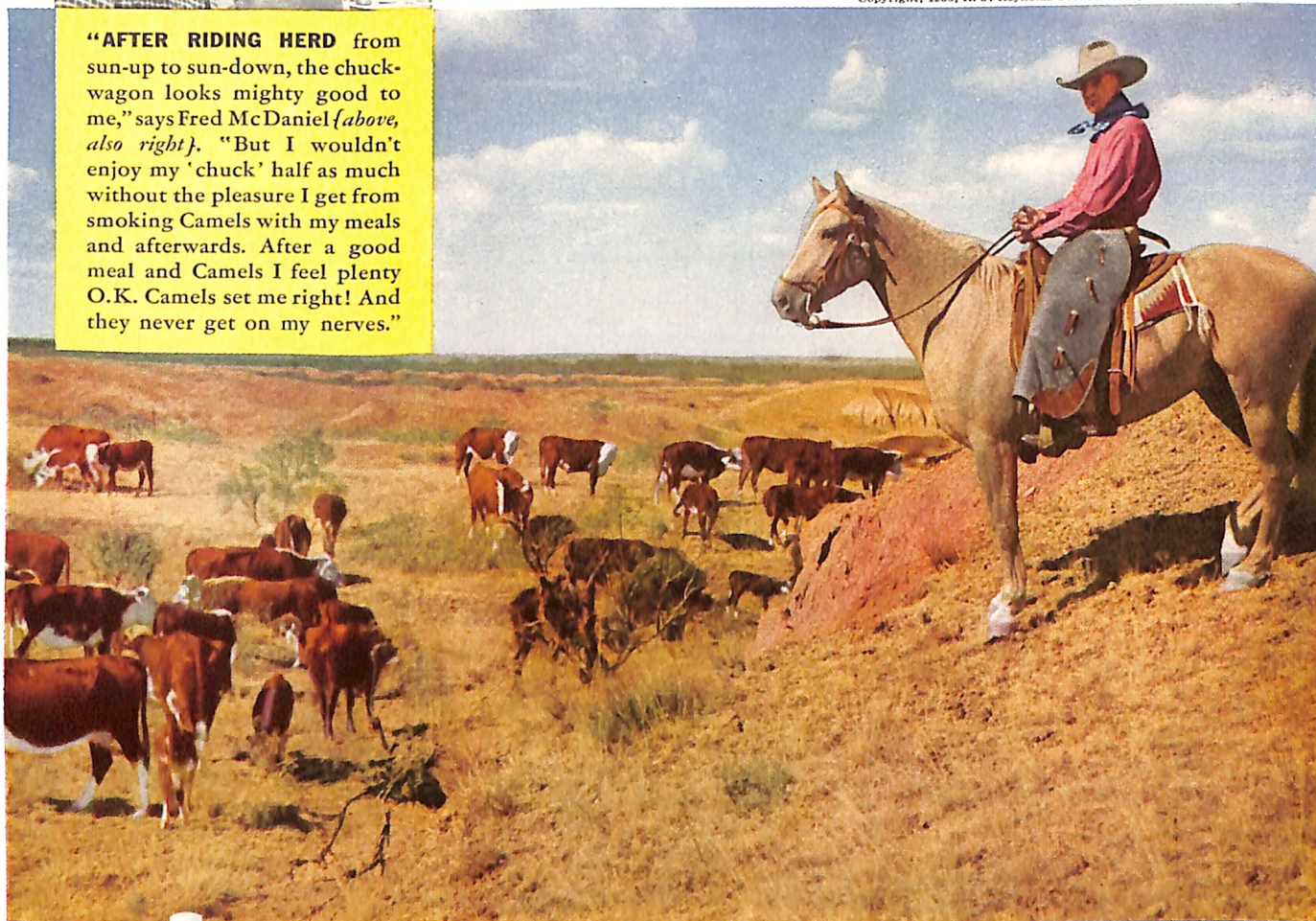


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